ALAMO

Rewrite by John Sayles

3/25/02

MAP - OPENING CREDITS

A color-coded 1835 MAP with the U.S. pretty much ending at the Mississipi river, while MEXICO and various Indian nations control everything to the west and southwest. We start a CRAWL-

1823 - Mexico completes its revolt against imperial Spain and becomes a Republic.

We begin to TIGHTEN, drifting towards what is now Texas-

1826 - settlers from the U.S. are offered full citizenship and land grants in the Mexican state of Tejas to help defend against raids by the Indian nations that also claim the territory.

Vast areas are marked CHEROKEE, KIOWA, TONKAWA, COMANCHE-

The anglo immigrants soon outnumber their 'tejano' neighbors by more than three to one.

We TIGHTEN on little towns with Spanish names- ANÁHUAC, SAN PATRICIO de HIBERNIA, SAN FELIPE-

1832 - Antonio López de Santa Anna comes to power, dissolving the Congress and revoking the Constitution. He also outlaws any new immigration from the U.S. and vows to enforce Mexico's law prohibiting slavery.

-GONZALES, GOLIAD-

1835 - A Consultation of 'texians' and tejanos is called to plan resistance to Santa Anna's dictatorship, while a volunteer army surrounds forces under the command of his brother-in-law, General Martín Perfecto de Cos, at San Antonio de Béxar.

We TIGHTEN on the largest of the towns, at the crossroads of the few trails leading north-south and east-west-- SAN ANTONIO DE BÉXAR-

DISSOLVE TO:

1 EXT. STREAM - DAY 1

JESÚS MONTOYA, a young, barefoot campesino, tosses a raggedy net into a shallow, tree-lined STREAM. We SUPERIMPOSE-

ESTADO DE TEJAS Y COAHUILA, MEXICO - 1835

Jesús looks downstream to a young girl, PILAR, scrubbing clothes on the opposite bank-

JESÚS (Spanish, shy)
How is your father?

PILAR (Spanish)
He's better.

Jesús works up his courage-

JESÚS (Spanish)
If he permits- I would like to visit-

PILAR (Spanish)
He would appreciate a visit.

JESÚS (Spanish)
I meant- I would like to visit you-

PILAR (Spanish)
Your net.

Pilar points. Jesús sees, pulls the net in. A shiny FISH is caught in it. He looks over to Pilar, smiling- but Pilar is looking at something further upstream. He follows her gaze-

A half-dozen mounted Mexican SOLDIERS walk their horses across the river. A SUBTENIENTE sees Jesús, turns his mount-

Pilar quickly gathers up the wet clothes-

Jesús drops the fish on the bank, frozen for a long moment, then bolts away! The Subteniente gallops down the shallow stream, swinging a LASSO over his head and tossing it-

SNAP! Jesús is yanked back into the water!

Pilar looks on, terrified, as the other soldiers behind her offer appreciative WHISTLES AND CATCALLS-

SUBTENIENTE (Spanish)
What's your name, kid?

JESÚS (struggling to his feet)
Jesús Montoya.

SUBTENIENTE (Spanish)
You married?

Jesús shoots a look across to Pilar-

JESÚS (Spanish)
No. But my family-

SUBTENIENTE (Spanish, smiling)
Your family will be very proud of you, *chico*. We're going to punish the gringos.

The Subteniente turns his horse to haul Jesús upstream. Pilar raises her hand in a worried goodbye-

JESÚS (Spanish, V.O.)
When General Santa Anna declared we were not ready for democracy and the gringos rebelled-

FISH

The abandoned fish works its gills as it lays on the bank-

JESÚS (Spanish, V.O.)
-his army was not happy to be sent to such a savage and distant part of the country. Many men deserted-

2 EXT. PLAIN - 3 MILES FROM BÉXAR - DAY 2

Jesús runs, carrying an ARTILLERY SHELL under each arm, behind a line of crouching SOLDIERS who FIRE their muskets. A bullet kicks up dirt at his feet and he begins to zigzag-

JESÚS (Spanish, V.O.)
-and so every patriot was called to his duty.

RIVER BED

A party of TEXIAN VOLUNTEERS have dug footholds into the RIVER BANK, looking through a thin strip of PECAN TREES at several hundred MEXICAN SOLDIERS deployed on the plain beyond-

The men aim and FIRE their long rifles, then duck back below the bank to reload-

A stocky man in his mid-30's comes down the bank in a crouch, followed by his black manservant, SAM. Sam carries two loaded RIFLES and is not thrilled to be ducking bullets-

KABOOM! The CANNON FIRES a load of CANNISTER-SHOT, which WHISTLES overhead clipping off branches from the pecan trees. A skinny kid, WILEY, catches a couple nuts as they fall-

WILEY
They gettin the hang of that cannon.

The Man pops his head up over the edge of the bank for a peek-

KARNES (O.S.)
They told us to wait for the rest of the army-

We see the Mexican CANNON CREW loading another shot-

KARNES (O.S.)
-but if we just sit here them dragoons of theirs are gonna ride around behind us-

SKIRMISH SOUNDS FADE. We TIGHTEN to a CU of the Stocky Man-

WILEY
What you think we should do, Jim?

DISSOLVE TO:

3 INT. HOTEL BAR - DAY (FLASHBACK) 3

The stocky man, JIM BOWIE, bangs through the swinging doors of BAILEY'S HOTEL, two FRIENDS reluctantly following him-

NORRIS WRIGHT is drinking at the BAR with MADDOX and CRAIN-

BOWIE
I will not tolerate innuendo against my character!

Norris turns very slowy and fixes his eyes on Bowie-

NORRIS WRIGHT
And what character would that be?

Bowie moves forward, Wright's friends shifting away-

BOWIE
You vex me, sir-

NORRIS WRIGHT
I was merely discussing a notorious land-swindler-

Bowie grabs a CHAIR from a table, raises it over his head- Wright pulls a PISTOL from his belt and BLAM! fires-

Bowie staggers back, dropping the chair, his vest SMOULDERING around the bullet hole. He ROARS and charges- WHAM! they hit the ground, Bowie CURSING and pummeling Wright, pinning him with his knees and one hand while fishing a CLASP KNIFE from his pocket, trying vainly to open it with his teeth! The onlooking friends rush forward, Bowie biting into Wright's arm before they can finally tear him free-

BOWIE
Let me finish him! Let me finish the son of a bitch!

Bowie is dragged outside. Maddox examines Wright's bloody arm and Crain wipes blood from his face with a handkerchief-

NORRIS WRIGHT
Did I kill him? Is he dying?

CRAIN
I would hope so.

Maddox plucks a BLOODY TOOTH from Wright's arm-

MADDOX
He left a bit of himself behind-

4 EXT. HOTEL BAR - DAY 4

Bowie's friends prop him against a post and open his shirt. An enormous BRUISE discolors his chest-

WELLS
Didn't even break the skin.

BOWIE (grins)
Just what I've always said of the man-
all powder and no ball!

He looks to the half-opened caseknife on the ground beside him-

BOWIE
I need a better knife.

GUNFIRE FADES UP on the TRACK-

5 EXT. RIVERBED - DAY (PRESENT) 5

Bowie, loaded rifle in hand, grins at the dozen men beside him-

BOWIE
Everybody up-

The dozen Texians rise as one, taking careful aim-

BOWIE
Fire!

BA-BA-BA-BAM! A VOLLEY from the riflemen-

Most of the CREW tending the just-loaded Mexican field piece FALL as the long rifles find their mark. The Texians rise up SHOUTING a REBEL YELL, charging the gun position. Jesús drops the sandbag he's holding and RUNS-

BOWIE
Let's get em, boys!

Bowie leads the WHOOPING Texians toward the cannon-

Sam ducks back under the riverbank, shaking his head-

SAM
Man in a hurry to git hisself killed.

RIVER BANK, REMAINING TEXIANS

JAMES FANNIN waves to the line of men still dug in-

FANNIN
Covering fire, at will!

The Texians FIRE toward the Mexican line, crouch to reload-

Bowie's men reach the cannon and swivel it around as several dozen Mexican INFANTRYMEN counter-charge them with BAYONETS!

BOWIE
Tilt it down! Hold it right there!

He puts the torch to the fuse- BLAMMMMM! A CANNISTER-ROUND tears through the charging soldiers, who immediately turn and run, leaving several DEAD and WOUNDED-

BOWIE (exultant)
Load her up again, gentlemen. Let's show them we mean business!

He WHOOPS in triumph and we SUPERIMPOSE-

BOWIE

JESÚS

Jesús reaches the Mexican skirmish line as BLAM! another load of cannister SCREAMS overhead, knocking the DRIVER of a CAISSON off his perch. The HORSES bolt, men scattering in front of the RUNAWAY WAGON while others begin to turn and run-

SARGENTO (Spanish)
Hold your position! Idiots! Cowards!

A BUGLE sounds RETREAT-

6 EXT. BATTLEFIELD - LATER 6

Bowie grins as he walks across the body-littered field toward a VANGUARD of twenty TEXIANS who ride in from the west-

BOWIE
Good afternoon, gentlemen. You missed the festivities.

ED BURLESON (angry)
You were told to wait for the rest of the expedition!

BOWIE
We're still waiting, Ed.

ED BURLESON
You engaged the enemy. You disobeyed a direct-

BOWIE
Are we going to attack Béxar or not?

Sam has come up behind Bowie, leading a pair of horses-

ED BURLESON (hedging)
When the moment is right- if the Mexicans won't surrender- a decision will be-

BOWIE (points toward Béxar)
Those *cabrones* are sitting in my house, drinking my whiskey!

DR. GRANT
And have ye taken a wee drop yerself, Bowie?

Bowie turns to face DR. JAMES GRANT, a fiery Scotsman-

BOWIE
Would you care to step down off your mount and repeat that?

A tense moment. Grant's hand goes to the pistol in his belt, Bowie's to the enormous KNIFE sheathed at his side. Burleson moves his horse between them-

ED BURLESON
We don't need any more duels, fellas! We've kilt more of each other than we have Mexicans. Now Jim, you can't just go running off and-

Bowie grabs the reins from Sam, mounts his horse-

BOWIE
It's a volunteer army, Ed, I can do any damn thing I please.

We FOLLOW as he spurs his horse away, Grant calling after-

DR. GRANT
Ye're not in charge here, Bowie!

SEGUÍN, PRISONERS

JUAN SEGUÍN, a young Tejano, interrogates a trio of Mexican PRISONERS who sit guarded by rifle-bearing TEXIANS. He frowns as Bowie rides by-

SEGUÍN
¿Dónde vas, Santiago?

BOWIE
These people can't squat and pee without taking a vote on it!

Bowie spurs the horse and gallops off-

SEGUÍN (to himself)
Hasta luego, compadre.

7 EXT. PLAZA DE LA ISLETA - BÉXAR - DAY 7

Jesús walks into the main plaza of a dusty little TOWN with the rest of the defeated troops. We SUPERIMPOSE-

SAN ANTONIO DE BÉXAR

The town is a fortress- each corner of the plaza barricaded, SOLDIERS on the steps of the SAN FERNANDO CHURCH, SOLDIERS bivouacked in the long BUILDINGS facing the plaza. They stare at the ragged newcomers-

GENERAL Martín Perfecto de COS, in his early 40's, grimly watches ~~from his horse~~ next to Lt. Colonel SÁNCHEZ-NAVARRO. A gang of leg-shackled CONVICTS shuffle past under guard-

GENERAL COS (Spanish)
These are the reinforcements you bring me?

POTRERO STREET

Jesús marches down a street by the RIVER with the other new arrivals. The SARGENTO sidles closer-

SARGENTO (Spanish)
You live near here?

JESÚS (Spanish)
Yes, sir. All my life.

The Sargento nods across the river to the east-

SARGENTO (Spanish)
What happens up there?

JESÚS (Spanish)
It's just ruins.

We TILT UP and ZOOM IN at an old MISSION surrounded by crumbling walls-

JESÚS (Spanish)
Nothing happens at the Alamo.

8 EXT. SAN FELIPE STREET - DAY 8

San Felipe is a town of a few painted houses and many more log and plank CABINS. MATT, a teenaged Texian, hustles a pair of JUGS through the muck as we SUPERIMPOSE-

TEXAS CONSULTATION, SAN FELIPE

As Matt passes we see Jim Bowie and Sam riding into town-

CONSULTATION CABIN

Matt pushes his way through several dozen TEXIANS and TEJANOS looking in through the unpaned windows of the biggest cabin-

MATT
Perdóname- scuse me, folks- important dispatch comin through- scuse me- *es muy importante*-

He reaches a window where COX, a man in his 40's, waits impatiently, waving a slip of paper-

COX
What took you? It's a desert in here.

MATT (eyeing the paper)
Paw said he won't take no scrip nor promise notes-

COX
It's his patriotic duty-

MATT
He reckons you can take your patriotic duty and plug it where the bugs won't go.

Cox scowls and hands Matt a few gold Mexican coins. Matt passes a jug in-

COX
Profiteering at a time like this-

MATT (looks coin over)
This one's got that Santa Anna stamped on it.

COX
Not for long, sonny.

9 INT. CONSULTATION - DAY 9

We FOLLOW the jug down a row of DELEGATES to the Texas 'Consultation'. They pour liquor into metal cups or just gulp it from the jug as all around men SHOUT-

HENRY SMITH
If we hold steadfast for the Constitution-

POTTER
Who's gonna pick the damn cotton, Henry?

HENRY SMITH
We are not pirates-

POTTER
If this country's gonna grow we need niggers to-

HENRY SMITH
-we are not filibusters-

ROBINSON
Gentlemen-

Matt looks toward the back of the room-

A tall, haunted-looking man at the rear wearing faded buckskins, SAM HOUSTON, whispers animated instructions to GEORGE HOCKLEY, his shorter companion-

HENRY SMITH (O.S.)
-we are law-abiding Mexican citizens demanding our right to vote goddammit!

POTTER (O.S.)
I aint a Mexican nothin! I say we get shed of em and declare a republic!

DE ZAVALA (O.S.)
Si queremos mandar un mensaje al dictador-

Hockley hurries forward and repeats the instructions to Cox-

POTTER (O.S.)
Aw, Christ-

DELEGATES

Distinguished elder statesman LORENZO de ZAVALA has the floor-

DE ZAVALA
If we wish to send to this dictator a message-

POTTER
I've got a message for him- stay the hell away from Texas!

CHEERS-

ROBINSON
Gentlemen-

BURNET
Well I think when our fellas fighting over in Béxar are done-

BOWIE (O.S.)
Our fellas in Béxar are sitting outside of town with their hands down their pants-

All eyes turn to Jim Bowie striding into the room-

ROBINSON
Mr. Bowie-

BOWIE
-without a decent pair of *cojones* amongst the lot of em.

ROBINSON
-we are eager to hear your news from the battle, Mr. Bowie, but we must-

BOWIE
This volunteer army we've got isn't worth a pitcher of warm spit!

Cox takes this moment to jump in-

COX
What about a regular army?

Cox shoots a look back to the Tall Man, who nods-

COX
Get some experienced officers running the deal, steady pay, rules and regulations-

George Hockley jumps up on top of a bench-

HOCKLEY
I hearby nominate, as Commander of our Regular Army-

ROBINSON
Whoah, slow down now-

HOCKLEY
-to be raised with the support of this Texas Consultation-- the hero of the Battle of Horseshoe Bend-

A MURMUR as men look around-

HOCKLEY
-a man distinguished in battle and statesmanship-

Bowie, feeling the heat of the moment leaving him, turns- we RACK FOCUS to see the Tall Man fixing him with steady gaze-

HOCKLEY
-who has gallantly added the luster of his renown to our great cause-

We TIGHTEN on the Tall Man's FACE, suddenly hearing THUNDER-

DISSOLVE TO:

10 EXT. TENT CAMP - NIGHT (FLASHBACK) 10

RAIN falls hard on a line of ARMY TENTS, a few SENTRY FIRES provide flickering illumination. A pair of CHEROKEE MEN wrapped in blankets step past us, looking for someone-

HORSE (Cherokee)
He gets with these white people and he drinks. Of course, none of them can hold their liquor-

BLOWS HARD (Cherokee)
We're not going to find him.

11 INT. TENT - NIGHT 11

Young Captain JEFFERSON DAVIS sits writing a letter by the light of an oil lamp. He hears something, looks up-

Sam Houston, wild-haired and in need of a shave, stands unsteadily just inside the tent flap. He is naked but for the soaked Indian blanket he holds around his body. He wears Cherokee earrings and a neck plate, his thigh bearing a depressed, half-moon-shaped SCAR-

He spreads his arms, revealing more deep SCARS on his upper chest, and speaks in a theatrical baritone-

HOUSTON
'On me the tempest falls, but does not make me tremble. Holy Mother Earth, behold me, for I am wronged!'

JEFFERSON DAVIS
I'm afraid you have me at a disadvantage, sir. I'm Captain Jefferson Davis-

The man sits heavily on the floor in the far corner of the tent, shaking his head woefully-

JEFFERSON DAVIS
And you are--- ?

HOUSTON
Have you been to Texas, Captain?

JEFFERSON DAVIS
In Mexico? No, I have not had that opportunity-

HOUSTON (fading)
A land of infinite possibility--

KELSO, Davis' tentmate, bursts in shaking water from his hat-

KELSO
A white man could drown out there.

JEFFERSON DAVIS
We have company.

He indicates the visitor, now lying on the floor with eyes shut, muttering to himself. Kelso, unfazed, sits to struggle with his boots-

KELSO
He lives across the stream with the Cherokee, but visits to drain the occasional bottle with our commanding officer.

JEFFERSON DAVIS (disgusted)
That?

KELSO
That, my friend, is the former Governor of the state of Tennessee.

SAM HOUSTON raises his voice-

HOUSTON (dreamily)
Texas, gentlemen- Texas shall be the redemption of us all!

12 INT. CONSULTATION - DAY (PRESENT) 12

We FADE Hockley's VOICE back IN-

HOCKLEY
-soldier, scholar and statesman, the honorable Sam Houston!

The room falls SILENT as every eye is fixed on the former legend, who shoots a withering look at the man who offers him the jug. He regards his rapt audience for a long moment-

HOUSTON
I am here, my friends and neighbors, as the humble representative for the people of Nacogdoches, eager to lend their voice to this noble enterprise- whatever that may turn out to be.

WILLIAM BARRET TRAVIS, an intense young man in his mid-20s, stands against the wall, listening-

HOUSTON
Our success, nay- our very survival in this hour of turmoil demands a coolnesss of head and singularity of purpose- not to be found in the vigilante rabble which Mr. Bowie so eloquently denounces.

Houston bows to Bowie, who listens somewhat suspiciously-

HOUSTON
We have dared to stand up for our rights and thus wakened the sleeping dragon of tyranny!

Matt listens from the window as Houston warms up-

HOUSTON
As we speak General Santa Anna readies his dark legions to invade our hearth and home- think of your wives and little ones, gentlemen, think of all we hold dear- think of valor, think of precious Liberty- under the boot of dictatorship!

Houston is up to full volume now-

HOUSTON
Only a well-equipped, disciplined, expertly trained force of Texians and our Tejano brethren-
(bows to de Zavala)
-under sober and experienced leadership, of course- can turn back this invasion and win for us the freedom that we so ardently cherish!

HOCKLEY (shouting)
Sam Houston for General!

COX
Show of hands for General Houston!

CHEERS, APPLAUSE, STOMPING. Hands shoot up in the air-

Bowie looks around at the cheering delegates-

Travis watches the men's enthusiastic faces-

Houston nods graciously to acknowlege the stampede of approval. We SUPERIMPOSE-

HOUSTON

13 EXT. SAN FELIPE STREET - MATT - LATER 13

Matt turns and heads back across the street to the tavern-

MATT (V.O.)
They made Mr. Houston into the General of the army that hadn't been put together yet-

DELEGATES burst out of the front door of the cabin and head in the same direction-

MATT (V.O.)
-and picked theirselves a Provisional Governor-

Henry Smith passes us-

MATT (V.O.)
-a Provisional Lieutenant Governor and a whole Provisional Council-

James Robinson, DAVID BURNET and a half-dozen COUNCILMEN follow, yakking excitedly-

MATT (V.O.)
-to run things till they could have a proper convention and figure out what this Texas deal was gonna be about.

ROBINSON
Not a word of explanation- Houston just said his wife was without blame in the matter, resigned as Governor and lit out for Indian Territory-

BURNET
I shudder to think-

ROBINSON
The man is a drunkard, a schemer, a power-hungry buffoon-

HOUSTON

Sam Houston crosses ahead of them, dogged by William Travis and on his other side, Jim Bowie-

TRAVIS
A mounted troop gives us mobility, communication, the ability to strike and retreat quickly-

BOWIE
You give me a couple cannon and two hundred good men I'll run them out of Béxar so fast-

HOUSTON
When they skulk back into town I plan to build a real army-

TRAVIS
I envison a Legion of Cavalry, Sir, a force of at least four hundred men, divided into six companies-

Houston, a bit annoyed, turns to Travis-

HOUSTON
I suggest you put all this in writing.

TRAVIS
I have taken the liberty of doing that already, sir.

Travis holds his hand out toward his black manservant, JOE, who has been following with Travis' monogrammed SADDLEBAGS. Joe pulls out a packet of PAPERS that he passes on to Houston-

TRAVIS
All the specifications are laid out, including a suggestion for the design of the uniforms. And if I might be so bold as to offer my own services as-

HOUSTON (takes papers)
I thank you for your enterprise, friend. If you'll excuse me, now-

Houston and Bowie stride to the tavern, leaving Travis behind-

HOUSTON (muttering)
A lawyer at the head of our cavalry-- God save Texas!

TRAVIS, JOE

Travis stands watching Houston as other delegates stream by him. Joe has his eye on a young black servant woman, MARTHA, who is lugging a basket of wet laundry past him-

JOE
The Consultation all over for the day, Mr. William?

We TIGHTEN on Travis, his jaw clenched, not hearing Joe-

JOE (O.S.)
Mr. William?

DISSOLVE TO:

14 INT. STABLE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK) 14

Travis throws a saddle over his HORSE, furtively looking back through the stable doors at the small, darkened HOUSE beyond-

TRAVIS
Shhhh. Easy now-

He straps his SADDLEBAG on, the leather scribed with 'W.B. TRAVIS'. He slides a rifle into its sheath.

A NOISE- Travis turns to see his wife, ROSANNA, standing with a LANTERN in hand, unhappy-

TRAVIS
I woke you. I apologize.

ROSANNA
Like a thief in the night.

TRAVIS (mortified)
They'll have me in jail if I don't leave. A man of my stature in this community- incarcerated for debt-
(he shakes his head)
I will settle with my creditors as soon as I am able.

He swings up into the saddle. No last embrace for these two-

TRAVIS
I didn't want you to witness this.

ROSANNA
And what do I tell Charles?

Travis ponders for a moment-

TRAVIS
Tell him that future events will reveal his father's true character.

He digs his heels in and RIDES away into the darkness-

15 EXT. SAN FELIPE STREET - DAY (PRESENT) 15

Travis stands where we left him, lost in thought-

JOE (O.S.)
Mr. William- ?

TRAVIS
Great men are not made by accident, Joe.

We SHIFT to include Joe in the shot-

JOE
No sir-

TRAVIS
They will themselves to greatness.

We SUPERIMPOSE-

TRAVIS

16 EXT. TEXIAN CAMP, NORTH OF BÉXAR - LATE AFTERNOON 16

The VOLUNTEER CAMP is a ramshackle collection of TENTS with TEXIAN VOLUNTEERS lounging around them- drinking, gambling, sleeping, a few tossing HORSESHOES. A KNIFE FIGHT is in progress in the FG, attracting only a dozen spectators-

In the distance to the south of the camp we can see the ALAMO and beyond that the BUILDINGS of San Antonio de BÉXAR-

OFFICERS

Elected OFFICERS argue outside of ED BURLESON's command tent as VOLUNTEERS linger nearby, watching idly. We hold on the face of BEN MILAM as the argument bounces back and forth-

SAM MAVERICK
We need action or this whole deal is gonna fall apart!

JESSE BADGETT
If we weren't ready to attack two months ago, I don't see how we're any better off now-

SEGUÍN
My people say the soldiers of the garrison are hungry and tired and ready to mutiny-

DR. GRANT
A great deal like our own laddies-

SAM MAVERICK
Well if you don't pay em and you don't feed em-

ED BURLESON
Let's get this settled- all in favor of an attack on the Mexican positions, raise your hands!

Only five of the dozen officers- Ben Milam, Juan Seguín and Dr. Grant among them- raise their hands.

ED BURLESON
That's it, then. We fall back to Goliad till the Consultation figures out what the hell we're up to here. Pass the word to your men.

Nobody is thrilled by this, but they begin to walk away. We HOLD on Ben Milam, scowling-

BEN MILAM
You all can just go do that, then.

The officers turn-

BEN MILAM
I come here to fight!

Milam calls out to the surrounding Volunteers-

BEN MILAM
Forget about these sorry sonsabitches- who'll go in with me? Who'll go into Béxar with old Ben Milam?

The response is immediate and enthusiastic-

COLORADO
We're with you, Ben!

KARNES
You just say when-

A CHEER, cries of 'Béxar' and 'We're gonna fight' as more VOLUNTEERS rush forward to hear the news. Burleson and the others look at each other, realizing they have no choice now-

BEN MILAM (grins at them)
Better shit or get off the pot, fellas.

17 EXT. ALAMO - BATTERY - EARLY MORNING 17

J.C. NEILL stands with his CREW by a twelve-pound FIELD PIECE. He looks behind to the RIVER, then ahead to the Alamo-

Neill checks his pocket watch, nods to his GUNNERY SERGEANT- KABOOM! A BALL is sent arcing through the air- SMACK! taking a chunk out of the top of the Alamo's north wall-

BRIDGE

A hundred Mexican INFANTRYMEN double-time out of Béxar, crossing the narrow wooden BRIDGE to run toward the main GATE of the Alamo-

WOODS

Ben Milam watches the Mexicans through a SPYGLASS-

BEN MILAM
Well- some of em bought it.

He stands at the edge of the woods on the Béxar side of the river, just north of town. Red-haired COLORADO SMITH, a local, and several dozen VOLUNTEERS crouch beside him-

COLORADO
If we can climb up on the roof of my workshop we'll have a clear shot at the plaza.

BEN MILAM (nods)
Let's see how far we can get before they see us.

Milam waves the men forward and they RUN into the edge of town in a crouch, in groups of six or seven, fanning out onto either side of ACEQUIA STREET-

He signals to another GROUP OF MEN at the head of parallel SOLEDAD STREET. Dr. Grant gives him a thumbs-up-

Grant leads his sixty TEXIANS down SOLEDAD STREET- WHANG! A shot rings out, a Texian grabbing his arm! DEAF SMITH, a short, middle-aged scout, snaps his rifle up and POP! shoots a SNIPER off the roof of the VERAMENDI (Bowie) HOUSE-

The rest of the men hustle down the street till BLAM! a blast of CANNISTER SHOT cuts through them from an emplacement at the corner of the Plaza de Isleta!

Men CRY OUT and scatter to the sides of the street. HERMAN EHRENBERG, a teenaged German volunteer, throws himself to the ground in the middle of the street-

EHRENBERG
Gott im Himmel!

MUSKET FIRE follows the cannon, balls pinging off the stone walls, kicking up dirt around Ehrenberg on the ground-

DR. GRANT
Take cover!

Ehrenberg scrambles up and runs back to the Veramendi house, Texians already banging in the doors and windows-

BLAM! Another CANNISTER BLAST sends shrapnel whistling through them, a few more men going down wounded-

18 EXT. PLAZA DE LA ISLETA 18

Jesús wanders confused, lugging a POWDER BARREL in his arms as SOLDIERS run to their posts at the four corners of the plaza. Rifle balls PING! off walls and kick up dirt. He bumps into the Sargento-

SARGENTO (Spanish)
¡Carajo! Get that thing away from me!

JESÚS (Spanish)
Where do I take it?

SARGENTO (Spanish)
To the barricade! Go!

The Sargento gives him a push and Jesús stumbles away-

19 EXT. BÉXAR STREET - DAY - OVERHEAD ANGLE 19

We float over the door-to-door FIGHTING at the edges of the main plaza, TEXIANS and MEXICANS popping out from doorways and windows to shoot, separated by only a few yards-

GROUND LEVEL

TEXIANS dart across the street, are fired upon, scurry back to their original cover-

Deaf Smith and Wiley clamber up a wooden LADDER to the ROOF of the Veramendi house, crawling on their bellies to the lip of the south end. They look down toward-

-MEXICAN TROOPS, maybe two hundred visible, dug in around the main plaza-

Deaf Smith takes a bead on Jesús, exposed as he handles shells for the CANNON CREW, but ZING! ZING! ZING! MUSKET BALLS come down like hail from above, Smith turning to see-

-SNIPERS FIRING down at them from the BELLTOWER of the San Fernando Church across the plaza!

WHAP! Wiley CRIES OUT, hit in the thigh. Smith hammers at the roof with his rifle butt, opening a hole-

20 INT. VERAMENDI HOUSE - DAY 20

Texians look up as PLASTER rains down, followed by Deaf Smith, THUMP! onto the dinner table, wounded in the arm-

GRIMES
Jesus, Deef, you scairt the livin shit outen us!

Smith is up, grabbing a chair to position it under the hole-

DEAF SMITH
Help me get him off that roof!

21 EXT. STREET, BÉXAR, ZAMBRANO ROW - DAY 21

HENRY KARNES races across a narrow street, MUSKET BALLS kicking off the walls of ZAMBRANO'S ROW beside him. He LEAPS into a DOORWAY-

22 INT. ROOM - ZAMBRANO ROW - DAY 22

Karnes rolls into the room where Ben Milam and a dozen other TEXIANS are whaling away at the wall separating them from the next room, using a table leg and an axe to open a hole-

BEN MILAM
Where'd you come from?

KARNES
I been pretty much anywhere's you could get shot at. Don't recommend the journey.

SEGUÍN
Did you see Grant and his men?

KARNES
No, sir, I didn't. But I spect they got more sense than I do.
(points to the hole)
That's gonna be our only way down the street-

BEN MILAM (raising his arm)
Hold off a minute!

The men stop chopping. SOUNDS come from the other side of the wall- a muffled Chunk! Chunk! Chunk!

COLORADO
They're trying to get to us too.

FLYNN
Charge your rifles, boys, and stand back-

FLYNN, an Irishman, has a huge LOG in hand. The Texians grab their rifles. Flynn charges the wall- WHAM! the whole WALL COLLAPSES away from them, falling to reveal a dozen stunned MEXICAN SOLDIERS amid the adobe dust!

BEN MILAM
Get em!

RIFLES and MUSKETS are fired, the Texians and Mexicans attack each other with knives, bayonets, pistols, fists and teeth-

23 EXT. PLAZA DE LA ISLETA - JESÚS 23

Jesús wields a CHISEL and a MALLET, knocking the leg SHACKLES off a string of CONVICTS as the Subteniente supervises-

SUBTENIENTE (Spanish)
Every one of you grab a musket and shot. We're moving back to the Alamo and you'll be part of the rear guard-

An unshackled CONVICT loads an old Brown Betsy MUSKET and mutters to the man being freed by Jesús-

CONVICT (Spanish)
I'm not dying for these assholes. When we see the gringos, yell 'Fuck Santa Anna!' and drop your rifle.

24 EXT. VERAMENDI HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON 24

James Grant, Ed Burleson, Seguín, FRANK JOHNSON and a few other OFFICERS are out in the COURTYARD of the Veramendi house as Ben Milam turns his spyglass to the 'fort' across the river. Grant, kneeling, draws a crude map of the Alamo in the dirt-

DR. GRANT
They've all fallen back into the ruins-

ED BURLESON
I wouldn't want to have to charge into that artillery.

FRANK JOHNSON
If we come at them from all sides, spread out their fire-

BEN MILAM

Milam pans the spyglass across the Alamo walls-

ED BURLESON (O.S.)
There are hundreds of men inside those walls-

SEGUÍN (O.S.)
Men who want to go home alive.

SPYGLASS POV - ALAMO

The muzzles of a few CANNON poke over the low west wall of the Alamo fortress-

SEGUÍN (O.S.)
If we offer them honorable terms of surrender-

Milam TILTS the glass down to see the TREES at the far edge of the nearby river and suddenly there is a FLASH!

BEN MILAM (O.S.)
Oh Lord-

MILAM, COURTYARD

Whap! A RIFLE BALL hits Milam square in the forehead, knocking him to the ground!

DR. GRANT
In the trees!

All the armed Texians aim and FIRE across the river-

The VOLLEY clips branches from a tree. A SNIPER falls, hits the bank, rolls into the water-

The Texians turn to see their leader. Ben Milam is laid out on the courtyard, a pool of BLOOD spreading around his head-

ED BURLESON
Let's go get the sonsabitches.

25 EXT. ALAMO - MORNING 25

We PAN from the RISING SUN to the Alamo. A WHITE FLAG has been raised over the chapel-

GATE

The defeated MEXICAN GARRISON trudge out through the main gate and down the south road, heckled on all sides by TEXIANS-

CONLEY
So long, fellers! Nice knowing you!

FLYNN
(chicken noise)
Braaak-brak-brak-brak-brak-brak-

GRIMES
Send my regards to Santeranner!

COLORADO
¡Vaya, cobardes! ¡Vaya!

CAMP FOLLOWERS lower their heads and stay close to the soldiers, terrified of the Texians. Jesús passes by with his unit, eyes forward, nervous as the gringo men step close to JEER. He is carrying an old MUSKET but is still barefoot-

JESÚS (Spanish)
Sergeant? May I go home now?

SARGENTO (Spanish, eyes forward)
Quiet.

JESÚS (V.O., Spanish)
The gringos let us carry enough muskets to scare away the Comanches.

GUN PLATFORM

James Grant has gathered some of the men around him up by one of the formerly Mexican CANNON-

JESÚS (V.O., Spanish)
General Cos had to promise we would all walk south till we crossed the Río Bravo and never come back to Texas.

DR. GRANT
Matamoros.

MOSS
That's an awful long ride-

DR. GRANT
Have ye been paid a nickel since ye've joined this campaign? It's waiting for us in Matamoros, laddies- warehouses stocked with silver and gold-

MEXICAN TROOPS

Cos rides stiffly past Jesús, tight-lipped as one victorious Texian shakes his bare BUTT from the wall behind. Cos mutters to Sánchez-Navarro, riding beside him-

GENERAL COS (Spanish)
They will pay.

JESÚS (V.O., Spanish)
So the gringos had Béxar-

26 EXT. TEXAS BORDER TOWN - DAY 26

JESÚS (V.O., Spanish)
-and every day more of their friends came across the border.

We start on rickety WAGON filled with a POOR FAMILY's belongings. A hand-painted scrawl on its side declares **GONE TO TEXAS!** We SUPERIMPOSE-

SAN AUGUSTINE, TEJAS

We FOLLOW the wagon as it bumps into a 'town' with a gold-rush feeling to it- wagons, carts, hastily-constructed vending stands form a kind of gantlet for newcomers to pass through. MERCHANTS, CON ARTISTS and RECRUITERS call out to the trail-weary arrivals-

MERCHANT
Powder and shot, bedrolls, picks and shovels, you name it, we got it! Last chance for two hundred miles!

CON ARTIST
Spanish gold! Silver mines! Get your maps here! Guaranteed authentic, signed by the Viceroy of New Spain! Buried treasure here!

TEJANO RECRUITER (Spanish)
We must defeat this dictator who has abolished our Constitution and trampled our rights! Fight for Texas!

TEXIAN RECRUITER
Fight for Texas! Free land! Six hundred forty acres for any man who'll bear arms for Texas! Pick your spot and stake your claim!

We PAN to see a pleasant-looking man in his late 40's, DAVID CROCKETT, and eight or nine travelling COMPANIONS (including MICAJAH AUTRY, DANIEL CLOUD and WILLIAM PATTON) who lead their supply-laden horses past the shouting hucksters-

A YOUNG MAN seems to recognize David, and begins to follow-

TEXIAN RECRUITER
Sign on the line and help us whup Santanner! Free land here!

PATTON (impressed)
Six hunnerd forty acres is a pretty piece of ground.

AUTRY
Only need six feet of it to plant you in if you get kilt by them Meskins.

They have come to the only real building in town, the 'Lost Prarie Hotel'. A nosey local merchant, SPOONER, spits tobacco as he watches them from the porch-

The Young Man calls a FRIEND over and says something in his ear, pointing to David-

SPOONER
Welcome to Texas.

CROCKETT
How do.

SPOONER
Where you fellas hail from?

CROCKETT
Tennessee, mostly.

SPOONER (nods)
We get em from all parts these days. Desperados, debtors, confidence men- just last Friday I laid the breakfast table for three murderers, a card cheat and a bigamist from Massachusetts.

He watches Autry unload a bundle of long rifles. ONLOOKERS gather around the Young Man, curious about the newcomers-

SPOONER
And what brings you fellers? Land, prospectin- ?

CROCKETT
Heard there's some nice wild country left here. Buffalo wanderin loose, bear-

SPOONER
You didn't come to fight?

CROCKETT
Not unless them bisons shoot back at us.

A CHUCKLE from the gathering crowd-

CROCKETT
These the lodgings?

SPOONER
Bed, bath and breakfast.

David nods, hands a silver POCKET WATCH to Spooner-

CROCKETT (confidential)
Listen, this here is real silver-

Spooner pops the watch open and reads the inscription-

SPOONER (suspicious)
How'd you happen to come by it?

CROCKETT
It was-

We begin to TIGHTEN on David's face-

CROCKETT
-it was presented-

We hear an AUDIENCE, off, LAUGHING-

DISSOLVE TO:

27 INT. THEATER - CU BACKWOODSMAN - (FLASHBACK) 27

A MAN looks directly at us, face deadpan under his COONSKIN CAP, a thicket of PINE TREES behind him-

NIMROD
I'm a screamer.

More LAUGHTER-

NIMROD
I got the roughest racin horse, the prettiest sister, the surest rifle and the ugliest dog in the district.

We WIDEN to see that the man is dressed in a fringed BUCKSKIN OUTFIT, cradling a long RIFLE in his arms-

NIMROD
I'm a little the savagest critter you ever did see. My old man can lick anybody in Tennessee, and I can lick my old man.

We WIDEN further- the man stands at the front of a STAGE in a SPOTLIGHT, the trees behind him only a PAINTED BACKDROP-

NIMROD
I can run faster, dive deeper, stay longer under and come out drier than any chap this side of the Big Swamp.

Members of the AUDIENCE keep looking behind to someone-

NIMROD (O.S.)
I can outgrin a panther and outstare a flash of lightnin, tote a steamboat oar on my back and play pattycake with a timber wolf.

We PAN back to see David, dressed in CITY CLOTHES, a pained smile on his face as he watches-

NIMROD (O.S.)
My name's Nimrod Wildfire and I'm half horse and half alligator with a whiff of hurricane throwed into the bargain!

ACTOR

NIMROD
I could tell you folks more, but then I'd be braggin.

LAUGHTER and APPLAUSE. The actor lifts his coonskin cap to acknowlege it, breaking character-

NIMROD
Ladies and gentlemen- my friends- we are honored tonight to have in our presence the very prototype of my character. May I introduce to you the noted Congressman from the Volunteer State-- the Lion of the West-

Crockett stands reluctantly-

ACTOR (O.S.)
-the Gentleman from the Cane----
Colonel David Crockett!

APPLAUSE and CHEERS-

CROCKETT
Thank you--- I 'preciate it-- thank you- they warned me there was some strange sights to see in New York-

LAUGHTER. He turns to indicate the actor-

CROCKETT
Now if I can talk this feller into campaignin for me back in my district, I might stand a chance-

More LAUGHTER-

SPOONER (O.S.)
So you're David Crockett?

28 EXT. FERRY SLIP - DAY (PRESENT) 28

Spooner and the CROWD surround Crockett, drilling him with their eyes. He gives a weak smile-

CROCKETT
Guilty.

The name ripples through the crowd- 'Davey Crockett, Davey Crockett, Davey Crockett'. Spooner grabs Crockett's hand, pumping it enthusiastically-

SPOONER
I'll be damned! I thought you was off in Washington-

CROCKETT
Well- there was this little detail of an election back home.

He raises his voice, half-turning to the crowd, sheepish-

CROCKETT
I told them folks- 'You don't vote me back in, you can all go to Hell and I'll go to Texas.'

An appreciative LAUGH from the crowd, obviously flattered to have a celebrity in Lost Prarie-

CROCKETT (to himself)
So here I am.

We SUPERIMPOSE-

CROCKETT

HOUSTON (O.S.)
Texas cries out for you!

29 EXT. SAN FELIPE STREET - DAY 29

Matt hurries out from the tavern with an armful of bottles, past Jim Bowie and a bunch of LAYABOUTS lounging out front watching as Sam Houston stands on a platform in the street, haranguing a crowd of LOCALS and NEWCOMERS-

MATT (V.O)
Though most folks were proud that a famous man like General Houston had thrown in with Texas-

HOUSTON
The Hour of Judgement is at hand, Santa Anna sends his minions to smite us! Your Army needs men, men of firm resolve and steely eye-

MATT (V.O)
-not many was rushin forward to join his regular army.

Matt hurries past a RECRUITING SERGEANT standing by a MUSTER BOOK on a stand. The pages are blank-

30 EXT./INT. CONSULTATION CABIN 30

Matt passes Joe outside the door of the Consultation cabin, chatting with Martha the servant woman-

MATT (V.O)
Meanwhile, them that wasn't so keen on the General was politickin to get shed of him-

He passes William Travis standing at the rear as he ENTERS THE CABIN, where we see a screaming match among Henry Smith and the COUNCIL in progress-

ROBINSON (pointing)
(You see what's happening out there! How many men has he recruited since-

HENRY SMITH
May I remind you I have the power to dissolve this Council!

ROBINSON
(May I remind you we have the power to impeach your sorry ass!

Matt leaves the bottles with the eager Cox and exits-

MATT (V.O)
Since Jim Bowie had rode back from the siege of Béxar-

31 EXT. SAN FELIPE STREET - HOUSTON 31

Matt steps back out into the middle of the recruiting fiasco-

MATT (V.O)
-we hadn't heard a peep, which folks took to mean it was still pretty much of a stand-off.

SNOPES, a buckskinned newcomer with a long rifle slung over his shoulder, calls out to Houston-

SNOPES (shakes his head)
I don't see why we're jawin here when the fightin men's all over in Béxar.

HOUSTON
The molten lakes of Hades will freeze solid before that band of degenerates launch an attack!

A SHOT rings out. Houston and the others turn as SEVERAL DOZEN TEXIANS ride into town, WHOOPING and FIRING pistols into the air-

Bowie and the others step off the tavern porch to see-

Travis and Henry Smith and the Council members step out from the cabin to see-

The first of the exuberant liberators of Béxar reach Houston-

DEAF SMITH
We done it! We whupped the Mexicans!

Matt steps aside as a RIDER gallops past him, WHOOPING-

Sam Houston's face falls as he realizes what has happened-

MATT (V.O)
Then word come the fellas had chased General Cos and his troops clear to the Río-

Dr. James Grant rides up, tall in the saddle, shouting out orders to the whooping men around him-

MATT (V.O)
-and was headin to Matamoros to lick another bunch down there.

DR. GRANT
Speed is of the essence, laddies! We need horses, wagons, beef cattle-

FRANK JOHNSON
Get those powder kegs from Ryan's place!

Sam Houston places himself in Grant's path and they begin to SHOUT at one another-

MATT (V.O)
General Houston allowed as Santa Anna was likely to be sore how we done his own brother-in-law and send his whole damn army up and this Matamoros deal was just a gang headin off for plunder, and Dr. Grant suggested General Houston didn't have no say in it-

James Robinson steps forward-

MATT (V.O)
-and it was getting pretty hot when the head of the Council stuck his oar in-

ROBINSON (steps forward)
The Council of the Provisional Government heartily endorses this expedition!

HENRY SMITH
The hell they do!

ROBINSON
Mr. Smith is no longer acting a Governor! And you, sir-

He gives an ironic bow to Houston-

ROBINSON
-have also been relieved of your duties.
(to Grant)
The Council congratulates you on your great victory, Dr. Grant. Feel free to provision your troops-

WHOOPS and PISTOL FIRE greet this sudden coup as most of Grant's men scatter to grab provisions, while Sam Maverick leads others to the tavern-

SAM MAVERICK
Drinks are on me fellas!

Matt stands watching somebody-

Sam Houston is left standing alone as activity swirls about him, shaking his head-

MATT (V.O)
It were a great day for Texas.

32 INT. TAVERN - NIGHT 32

Packed to the rafters with CELEBRATING MEN. We FOLLOW Jim Bowie through the crowd, drunk and morose with a drink in hand, passing James Grant and a circle of admirers-

DR. GRANT
-they're great ones for fancy uniforms and military airs, but there's nae a true warrior among em-

Bowie continues to find Sam Houston, sitting dejectedly at the far end of the bar-

BOWIE
Finally have a decent scrap and I miss it.

HOUSTON
Matamoros!

Bowie sits by Houston to commiserate-

BOWIE
I've got half a mind to join them. Nice pile of silver passes through that port-

HOUSTON
A mob of freebooters-

BOWIE (musing)
I'm always a step too early or a step too late. I was once the biggest landholder in the state of Louisiana-

HOUSTON
'Bowie Claims'.

BOWIE
They would have held up if some little pencil-pusher hadn't-

HOUSTON
They would have held up if you'd learned a bit more Spanish before you forged those land grants.

Bowie scowls, not happy that Houston knows the whole deal-

BOWIE
Story of my life. I'm that close to hitting the jackpot-- then it all turns to shit.

Bowie turns with his back to the bar counter. The men continue to grouse without really listening to each other-

HOUSTON (still brooding)
A single whiff of scandal and a man's honor is tarnished forever-

BOWIE
There are fortunes to be made in Texas. Cane, cotton- cotton could be huge here-

HOUSTON
A dark cloud of rumor and innuendo, hounding you-

Houston signals for another round as Matt approaches behind the bar. Matt takes his glass, cracks another egg into it, begins to whip up a rum-heavy egg nog-

BOWIE
A man likes to think he's accomplished something in his life. But it slips through your fingers. Like water-

Bowie shakes his head-

BOWIE
You should have seen my wife, Sam. She was-- perfect.

Matt sets the egg nog in front of Houston-

HOUSTON
And what about you, son? Will you join our gallant Texians in their quest?

Matt glances toward his PAW, working the other end of the bar-

MATT
My Paw says most of us were doin just fine till alla these land grabbers and treasure hunters come. Sorry, Mr. Bowie- it's what he says-

Bowie snorts-

HOUSTON
And what do you think?

MATT
I don't see why you'd want to pick a fight with the Mexicans, seein as they invited us here in the first place.

HOUSTON
Wherever he goes, the Anglo-Saxon must dominate. It is our duty- and our curse.

They turn to look as one of the celebrants chases a SQUEALING PIG into the tavern. Much WHOOPING and CHEERING-

HOUSTON
They'll be slaughtered and Texas will be defenseless!

James Grant catches Houston's eye from across the room and raises his glass in a mocking toast. Houston turns to Bowie, suddenly agitated-

HOUSTON
I need you to go to Béxar, Jim, and bring those cannon back here.

BOWIE
That leaves the Alamo wide open for-

HOUSTON
If it can't be defended, blow the damned place up!

33 EXT. SCRUBLANDS - DAY 33

A dozen exhausted MEXICAN SOLDIERS ring around, looking at something on the ground-

The BODIES of three MEN, stripped and mutilated, are spread-eagled on the ground-

Jesús, standing next to the Sargento, holds his nose against the smell-

SARGENTO (Spanish)
This is what happens to stragglers. The Indians are always watching.

He starts away, Jesús following him-

JESÚS (Spanish)
Sergeant, when can I leave?

SARGENTO (Spanish)
You want to end up like that?

JESÚS (Spanish)
Since we're not fighting and there is nothing left to carry, I thought-

A TRUMPET sounds up ahead. All heads turn-

DUST rises ahead- a huge ARMY is marching toward them across the mesquite-dotted scrubland!

The soldiers stand with mouths agape. The Sargento grins, slaps Jesús on the back-

SARGENTO (Spanish)
Maybe you're going home after all, kid.

Dusty, tired, Santa Anna's TROOPS move forward on foot and on horseback-

JESÚS (Spanish, V.O.)
Very close to the Rio Nueces we ran into General Santa Anna's army.

A squadron of DRAGOONS ride past a unit of Zapotec INDIANS-

JESÚS (Spanish, V.O.)
There were more people than I had ever seen, from every part of Mexico-

General Antonio López de SANTA ANNA, surrounded by his OFFICERS and followed by a wagon holding CAGES full of FIGHTING COCKS, rides proudly on a magnificent HORSE laden with silver-studded saddle and tack-

JESÚS (Spanish, V.O.)
-and General Santa Anna was like-

Santa Anna signals to HALT as they pull up beside Cos and Sánchez-Navarro-

JESÚS (Spanish, V.O.)
-was like a god.

The General is just past forty, handsome in the Tony Curtis mold, impeccably dressed. Cos salutes him stiffly-

COS (Spanish)
We were without supplies, my General. And these men- they're useless-

Santa Anna cuts him off-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
Excuses are for the weak, Martín. Get them turned around.

34 EXT. VERAMENDI HOUSE - BÉXAR - DAY 34

Jim Bowie dismounts in front of the bullet-scarred Veramendi house. Down the street TEJANO FAMILIES are returning-

35 INT. VERAMENDI HOUSE - DAY 35

Bowie walks through the house, evidence of the struggle- holes in roof and walls, empty liquor bottles, torn paper cartridges scattered everywhere.

He sits heavily on the one unbroken chair, looking out into the rear COURTYARD-

The SKY starts to DIM as we TRACK out into the yard. We FADE UP the sound of a small ORCHESTRA playing *Come to the Bower-*

DISSOLVE TO:

36 EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT 36

PAPER LANTERNS hang from the arbor, the five-man ORCHESTRA PLAYS, Tejano WEDDING GUESTS chat as Sam serves DRINKS. Bowie wears his wedding coat, chatting with Juan Seguín and his father-in-law, Juan Martín de VERAMENDI. He turns to see-

URSULA, a beautiful 18-year-old Bexareña, steps onto the patio in her wedding dress, her sister JUANA by her side. The guests APPLAUD politely but Ursula only has eyes for her husband, crossing to meet him in the center of the patio. They begin to DANCE-

We hold tight on Bowie's face as he moves, incredibly happy. The SKY begins to LIGHTEN-

WIDER (PRESENT)

It is DAY, and Bowie stands alone in the courtyard, the ruined arbor behind him. He hears something, turns- Sam stands in the back doorway, pointing to a patch of ground-

SAM
That sposed to be where Mister Ben Milam got shot.

Bowie looks down to the large BLOODSTAIN at his feet-

BOWIE
Find me something to drink, Sam.

37 EXT. PLAZA DE ISLETA - BÉXAR - DAY 37

TEXIANS, many of them drunk, loll about the square, chatting up PROSTITUTES in front of the CANTINA, shooting dice against the walls of buildings, bargaining for tamales with LOCAL WOMEN. Some men bet on a DRAG RACE between a pair of BURROS.

Into this unmilitary scene rides William Travis, with Joe behind him. He passes Juan Seguín, talking with his friend ANTONIO MENCHACA and ~~old~~ DON JOSÉ NAVARRO-

SEGUÍN (Spanish)
These idiots thinks it's over. They have never met Antonio López de Santa Anna.

NAVARRO (Spanish)
Let him come.

SEGUÍN (Spanish)
Did we fight the Spaniards to put this usurper on a throne?

NAVARRO (Spanish)
Hard times breed dictators.

SEGUÍN (Spanish)
He has murdered thousands in Zacatecas. All Mexicans- women, children-

NAVARRO (Spanish)
But Santa Anna only wants to rule Mexico. These-

Navarro waves his hand out toward the boisterous Texians-

NAVARRO (Spanish)
-these want the world.

Travis stops his horse by three extremely dissipated-looking VOLUNTEERS who sit on the ground with their backs against a wall, an empty whiskey bottle beside them--

TRAVIS
You men! Who's on guard duty?

CONLEY (cheerfully)
We are.

GRIMES
We're guarding private Flynn here until he can walk again.

FLYNN
I can walk very well, thank ye. I merely choose not to.
(to Travis)
And whom, sor, might you be?

TRAVIS
Travis. Lieutenant Colonel Travis.

BOWIE (O.S.)
Lieutenant Colonel.

Travis turns in his saddle to see Jim Bowie approaching, bottle in hand, nearly as drunk as the three on the ground-

BOWIE
You're moving up in the world, Buck.

TRAVIS (humorless)
I command the Legion of Cavalry.

Just then eighteen dusty CAVALRYMEN walk their horses into the square. The men on the ground start to LAUGH-

BOWIE
Is that it?

TRAVIS (mortified)
A few deserted on the way here. They shall be punished.

BOWIE
That damned Scotsman didn't leave much, but you're welcome to whatever provision you can find before you go.

TRAVIS
We're not going anywhere.

BOWIE
Houston sent me to-

TRAVIS
As you well know, Mr. Houston is no longer in command. James Fannin is now heading the Regular Army forming in Goliad, and the Council has sent me on this- this errand.

Travis looks around, clearly unhappy with his mission-

TRAVIS
Insignificant as this garrison may be, I am in command here.

BOWIE
Are you now?

Bowie steps nose-to-nose with Travis, who struggles to hold his ground-

BOWIE
You ever been in a real fight, Buck? Where there's no running away- where you look another man square in the eye and know one of you is gonna be be dead before it's over- ?

Bowie grins menacingly-

BOWIE
You fellas gonna swallow this little piss-ant as your commander?

GRIMES
I'd sooner take orders from his darky.

Joe looks away so his master won't be doubly humiliated-

JOE (V.O.)
The folks in Bayhar wasn't so high on Mister William bein they boss.

38 EXT. PLAZA - LATER 38

A THRONG of TEXIANS and a few TEJANOS have gathered outside a CANTINA in the corner of the main square-

JOE (V.O)
They hadn't signed no army papers, an unlike me, they was free to come and go.

They face a TABLE where Sam Maverick and Jesse Badgett are running a meeting-

SAM MAVERICK
Those of you that are signed on with the Regular Army, raise your hands!

Maybe a THIRD of the men, mostly on the left side of the group, raise their hands. The others look at them derisively-

SAM MAVERICK
You fellas come under the command of Colonel Travis here-

There is an audible MOAN from a few of the men. Travis stands stiffly to one side of the table, mortified, with JAMES BONHAM and several of his tiny CAVALRY UNIT behind him-

Bowie stands with a glass of whiskey in hand, leaning against the wall of the cantina, grinning-

SAM MAVERICK (O.S.)
Most of the rest of you are volunteers and used to voting for your officers. So you just come up here and grab a ballot--

Juan Seguín stands to one side, watching with Menchaca-

MENCHACA (Spanish)
What are they doing now?

SEGUÍN (Spanish)
They don't know who's in charge.

MENCHACA (shakes his head, Spanish)
Unbelievable.

39 EXT. ALAMO COURTYARD - NIGHT 39

Travis, Joe, and about 40 REGULARS enter the Alamo courtyard, most leading HORSES. LANTERNS hang from the various walls, throwing long SHADOWS over the ground-

JOE (V.O)
Mister William come off with the short end, and we had to put up in the ruins outside of town.

We hear SHOUTING, MUSIC, and GUNFIRE in the far distance-

TRAVIS
Get the horses squared away and then find yourselves some shelter, gentlemen. We'll be staying here until the disturbance in town has abated.

He gives his horse to Joe and climbs the ramp at the southwest corner. James Butler BONHAM stands by the 18-pounder, looking across the river at Béxar, the SOUNDS of a blowout much LOUDER from here-

BONHAM
Celebrating Mr. Bowie's election.

TRAVIS
It would seem so.

They listen for another moment, then Travis turns to leave-

TRAVIS
Post sentries around the perimeter. The party may get out of hand.

40 INT. CANTINA, BÉXAR - NIGHT 40

Sam carries a fresh bottle of whiskey past local VAQUEROS and REDNECK TEXIANS, busy knocking back the local rotgut. Grimes is trying to sell his long rifle to the world-weary DUEÑO of the bar in exchange for two bottles of tequila-

GRIMES
This here'll knock the whiskers off a chipmonkey at two hundred yards. Mwee bwayno escopayta-

DUEÑO
Con balas.

FLYNN
He wants you to throw some shot into the bargain.

We continue with Sam toward Bowie's table in the corner-

SAM MAVERICK
We get this Slave Law turned around there's fortunes to be made-

BOWIE
Every law has got a loophole.

Sam's face is impassive as he pours a shot of whiskey into Bowie's glass from the new bottle-

BOWIE
We used to buy darkies for a dollar a pound from old Jean LaFitte down in Galvez Town, float em up through the back bayous into Louisiana and then-

SEGUÍN (O.S.)
Santiago-

Bowie looks up to see Juan Seguín, grins-

BOWIE
¡Amigo! ¿Quiéres tomar un trago conmigo?

Seguín steps close and whispers in Bowie's ear. Bowie's expression grows cold. He stands unsteadily-

BOWIE
Gentlemen, if you'll excuse me- I must make a *reconnaissance.*

41 EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT 41

It has begun to DRIZZLE, the CELEBRATION continuing in the distance. Bowie, Seguín and a few TEJANOS walk stealthily through OLD GRAVE MARKERS, pistols and rifles in hand. They come into the FOREGROUND, suddenly FREEZING when they hear a HORSE WHINNY. Bowie decides to risk it-

BOWIE
¿Quién está?

Nothing. He tries again-

BOWIE
Somebody there?

CROCKETT (O.S.)
That depends.

The Tejanos crouch lower, finding larger headstones to cover behind. Bowie remains where he is-

BOWIE
Depends on what?

CROCKETT (O.S.)
You Americans?

BOWIE
Texians.

CROCKETT (O.S.)
I spose that'll have to do. Ease up on them firearms-

BOWIE (to the Tejanos)
No disparen.

Crockett and his party of a dozen, long rifles in hand, step out of the dark and surround Bowie's men-

CROCKETT
I couldn't tell who was making that ruckus in town. We're the Tennessee Mounted Volunteers.
(~~offers~~ his hand)
David Crockett-

BOWIE
Crockett of Tennessee?

CROCKETT (resigned)
Yeah- that one.

42 EXT. ALAMO COURTYARD - DAY 42

REGULARS continue to repair the ramps and platforms for the cannon, staring as somebody passes. Joe, sweating with a pickaxe over his shoulder, stares as well-

JOE (V.O.)
It was big news that David Crockett had thrown in with Texas-

Crockett walks with Travis across the courtyard of the Alamo-

JOE (V.O.)
-even if all the fightin was over.

CROCKETT
People been so accomodatin since we come across the border it seemed kinder impolite not to sign up-

TRAVIS
We have a rather delicate command situation here, Mr. Crockett-

CROCKETT
I got a whiff of that.

TRAVIS
In the unlikely event that the Mexicans return, Mr. Bowie's volunteers may prove somewhat unreliable. You and your companions, however, have sworn an oath-

CROCKETT
You can count on us, Colonel.

Travis, relieved to hear this, lifts his hat to Crockett-

TRAVIS
I thank you for that, sir. A fandango will be staged in your honor this evening-

CROCKETT (embarrassed)
No need for a fuss-

TRAVIS
Ladies have been invited.

CROCKETT
Well, we can't disappoint the ladies, can we?

TRAVIS
If you'll excuse me-

Travis peels off to supervise work on the walls. A pair of Texians with their hats in their hands approach-

SAM MAVERICK
Mr. Crockett- or is it Colonel?

CROCKETT
Call me David.

SAM MAVERICK
I'm Sam Maverick and this here is Jesse Badgett-

CROCKETT
Pleased to meet you.

SAM MAVERICK
We've been elected as delegates to the Texas Convention from the garrison here?

CROCKETT
You put me and my boys down for the Independence ticket.

JESSE BADGETT
Yes sir- but uh- they also delegated us to come ask you if- uh- well-

He looks to Maverick for help-

SAM MAVERICK
The fellas were wondering if you could take over this deal.

JESSE BADGETT
Being an experienced Indian-fighter and all-

SAM MAVERICK
Jim Bowie's a hell of a man when he's sober, I'd follow him anywhere-

JESSE BADGETT
But he hasn't been sober much since the cholera took his wife. And this Travis, he's only a pup with a poker up his-

SAM MAVERICK
It's not a healthy situation.

CROCKETT (shakes his head)
I'm just a private, fellas.

SAM MAVERICK
But this Travis is-

CROCKETT
The Meskins have skeedaddled and the shootin's all but over, idn't it?

The delegates don't contradict this-

CROCKETT
I reckon the men you got will do all right.

JESSE BADGETT (disappointed)
Sorry to bother you. They uh- they wanted us to ask.

SAM MAVERICK
Uhm- I got my copy of your *Narrative*, here- ?

Maverick produces a well-worn copy of *A Narrative of the Life of David Crockett* and a pen-

SAM MAVERICK
Would you write your name in it?

CONVENT WALL

Travis, Bonham, and GREEN JAMESON, a youngish engineer, stand on the freshly built GUN PLATFORM that tops the huge rubble-and-earth RAMP inside the roofless CONVENT RUINS. Joe helps roll a 12-POUNDER in between two smaller CANNON, then kicks a stone over the edge and watches it drop-

JAMESON
General Cos was nice enough to build us this position, but the powder he left behind is suspect-

TRAVIS
If we were to transport everything to Goliad and join Fannin-

JAMESON
With what? Grant and his bunch took the wagons and all the horses that weren't crowbait off to Matamoros.

BONHAM
There are less than a hundred men left, including Mr. Bowie's people. Many of those are sick or wounded-

JAMESON
What we do have is more concentrated artillery than any garrison west of the Mississippi.

We TIGHTEN on Travis as he looks around at the perimeter-

JOE (V.O)
I seen the way Mister William looked at them cannons and I knowd I wasn't gettin back to San Fa-leep real soon.

43 EXT. PLAZA DE LA ISLETA - NIGHT 43

A small BAND plays lively DANCE MUSIC as a FANDANGO is in progress, TEXIANS and TEJANOS whirling brightly-dressed Tejana WOMEN under the FESTIVE LANTERNS. We follow pretty SUSANNA DICKENSON and her husband ALMERON as they dance, passed by Joe, serving drinks from a tray-

JOE (V.O.)
Now bein as he were the mos' famous man ever come to these parts, they thrown a party for Mister Crockett.

We see David Crockett work his way toward the band, shaking hands and enduring many slaps on the back as he goes-

JOE (V.O.)
He were the smilinest, joke-tellinest, hand-shakinest white man I ever seen, and it made folks feel big just to stand up near him.

Maverick and Badgett watch him pass-

JESSE BADGETT
You think he wants to be Governor?

SAM MAVERICK
Governor, hell, if we vote to have a Republic we gonna need a President-

The BAND FINISHES the SONG to much APPLAUSE. All eyes turn to Crockett as he steps up on the packing-crate bandstand-

CROCKETT
Ladies and gentlemen- this is my first time at one of these Texian fandangers-- and I promise to keep this speech shorter than an Irishman's temperance vow-

LAUGHTER-

CROCKETT
Me and my Mounted Volunteers sure do preciate the hospitality we been shown since we got here-- and if this Santanner and his bunch should drop by, we'll make it pretty warm for them, too!
(CHEERS and APPLAUSE)
We will lick them like fine salt!
(more CHEERS)
Now contrary to popular opinion, I'm not that much as a fighter-

CRIES of 'No! Not true!'

CROCKETT
-and we all know I wasn't cut out for politics-
(LAUGHTER)
-bein the only Congressman that ever left Washington poorer than what he come. But there's one thing I can do. This one's called 'The Tennesee Grasshopper'-

He raises a FIDDLE and begins to expertly saw away at an infectious, upbeat MOUNTAIN TUNE. The guests CHEER and CLAP IN TIME and begin to DANCE again-

Alone to one side, William Travis smiles wanly and claps along with the beat as the BAND chimes in with Crockett. His gaze wanders to a PROSTITUTE we have seen before in the cantina, now dancing with Jameson. She gives Travis a wink-

44 INT. VERAMENDI HOUSE - NIGHT 44

We FOLLOW Sam as he pads through the somewhat-restored interior of the house, FIDDLE MUSIC faint in the distance. He peeks into the bedroom- we see past him to Jim Bowie, sitting alone with his back to the door-

Bowie sits, whiskey bottle in hand, staring at an oil PORTRAIT of Ursula that hangs on the wall, an ALTAR of CANDLES flickering below it. He takes a last swing of liquor, then turns as he hears a COMMOTION out on the street-

BOWIE (to Sam)
What the hell's going on out there?

45 EXT. SOLEDAD STREET - NIGHT 45

A half-dozen FAMILIES are throwing possessions into CARTS, onto their MULES and HORSES-

We PAN with a CART driven down the street- BLAM! Jim Bowie stands blocking the cart, smoking PISTOL in hand-

BOWIE (Spanish)
Nobody leaves! I'm in command here!

Bowie is drunk and furious-

BOWIE (Spanish)
Anybody who tries to run, deals with Bowie! Understand?

People stare at him, intimidated, but none go back inside-

BEXAREÑO (muttering, Spanish)
Drunk.

Bowie wheels around, sees Menchaca watching from a doorway-

BOWIE
Dígame, amigo- ¿qué pasa?

46 EXT. PLAZA DE LA ISLETA - NIGHT 46

Crockett is winding down the fiddle tune. Across the dancers he sees-

-Juan Seguín, Travis, Bonham and Jameson all huddled together-

Crockett scrapes the LAST NOTE of the SONG, acknowledges the APPLAUSE, steps off the platform to head for the conference-

The crowd BUZZES pleasantly after the dance, but Juan Seguín is grim as he translates a LETTER-

SEGUÍN (translating as he reads)
'-seen crossing the Río Bravo in great force. Several battalions, possibly led by the Napoleon of the West-' -this is what Santa Anna fancies himself- 'were counted, with artillery and- '

CROCKETT (arriving)
There a problem, gents?

JAMESON
Juan just got word-

BOWIE (O.S., shouting)
Travis! I need to see Travis!

A few SCREAMS- they turn to see the celebrants parting as Bowie, hollow-eyed, unshaven, staggers across the plaza, pistol in hand-

BOWIE
Where is Colonel Travis?!

Bowie pulls up short as Travis gives him a sarcastic bow-

TRAVIS
Why Colonel Bowie- you honor us with your presence.

BOWIE
I just heard on the street- they're on their way-

SEGUÍN (raises the letter)
I have received the same news.

BOWIE (Spanish)
How many are coming?

Joe and everyone else in the plaza hang on Seguín's reply-

SEGUÍN
All of them.

47 EXT. PLAZA DE LA ISLETA, BÉXAR - DAY 47

A few decorations still up from last night. TEXIANS stand about trading rumors as more BEXAREÑOS pack up and leave-

JOE (V.O.)
Mister William allowed as how the Meskins was likely headed for Goliad, but couldn't get there for at least a week.

48 EXT. BELLTOWER - SAN FERNANDO CHURCH - LOOKOUT - DAY 48

A SENTRY watches the horizon, pacing around the BELLTOWER of the church in the Plaza de Isleta to see in all directions-

JOE (V.O.)
He put folks on the watch all over the countryside, shut down the cantina, and ordered all the men to get theyselfs ready to fight-

49 EXT. PLAZA DE LA ISLETA - CU MAP 49

We see a MAP of the area from the Río Bravo (Grande) to Béxar-

SEGUÍN (O.S.)
A full day on horseback or three for us to march to Goliad-

PLAZA, MEN

Travis, Bonham, Crockett and Seguín stand around a map laid on a flour barrel in front of the cantina-

CROCKETT
Looks like twice that to San Felippy-

TRAVIS
So whichever position General Santa Anna chooses to attack can be reinforced if-

SEGUÍN
He has been dishonored here in Béxar. This is where he will come first.

BONHAM (sees)
Colonel-

Bonham points down the street. Jim Bowie is heading toward them, a CROWD of VOLUNTEERS gathering behind him-

TRAVIS (fearing the worst)
Take your weapons in hand, gentlemen-

BOWIE

Bowie, sweaty and hung-over, marches forward with the determined expression of attack on his face-

The Volunteers following him are less sure of themselves-

GRIMES
What's he gonna do?

COLORADO
Whatever it is I aim to back him up.

Bowie stops a few yards from Travis, the Volunteers spreading out behind him. A gunfight face-off-

Seguín's eyes dart from Travis to Bowie, not sure who he should back-

TRAVIS
Good morning, Mr. Bowie. Or afternoon, I should say-

Bowie nods, looks at the few men spread out beside Travis, then steps forward to within a foot of him-

BOWIE (softly)
I apologize.

Travis is stunned to hear this. Bowie continues in his southern gentleman mode-

BOWIE
My behavior has been- ill advised. In light of our situation-- I'm willing to share this command.

TRAVIS (nods curtly)
I agree.

BOWIE
Joint decision on issues of strategy-

TRAVIS
Yes-

BOWIE
Though I believe in the day-to-day matters it would be best for us each to give orders only to our own-

He looks back at the Volunteers behind him-

BOWIE
-our own constituencies. As to the defense of Béxar-

TRAVIS
I shall hold fast until we are ordered to retreat.

This is news to Bonham and Crockett, who trade a look-

TRAVIS
And you?

Bowie turns to indicate the town behind him-

BOWIE
This little mudpile is my home, Colonel Travis. It's all I have left in the world.

He turns back with a sad smile on his face-

BOWIE
Isn't that a sorry state of affairs?

CHURCH BELLS begin to CHIME-

SEGUÍN (stricken)
No es posible-

SOLDIERS and TOWNSPEOPLE step out into the plaza, staring at the BELLTOWER of the SAN FERNANDO CHURCH-

Susanna Dickenson steps out from the infirmary in the old JAIL BUILDING, puzzled as she looks up. Her husband Almeron comes over to join her-

SUSANNA
What is it?

ALMERON
Go get the baby.

Seguín, Bowie and Travis sprint across the plaza to the church-

The CHURCH BELLS swing, pealing-

BELLTOWER STAIRS, CUPOLA

The three men breathlessly run up the stairs and come out on the cupola. Young ALBERT MARTIN points southwest toward the Presidio Road as the BELLS STOP RINGING-

Sudden SILENCE. We see the EMPTY ROAD, a copse of TREES-

Travis looks to Martin-

ALBERT MARTIN
I saw em. I did.

Travis looks out again-

The road still empty, then- movement. Lots of it. MEXICAN TROOPS, raising dust over their heads! HUNDREDS of them-

The men react. Travis is decisive, flat-

TRAVIS
We can't hold the town.

50 EXT. PLAZA DE LA ISLETA, BÉXAR - DAY 50

It's bedlam out here, SOLDIERS and CIVILIANS running every whichway. James Bonham strides through it calmly-

BONHAM
All members of the garrison fall in at the Alamo! Procede at once-

He passes Grimes, trying to wrestle his long rifle away from the Dueño of the cantina-

GRIMES
I know I sold it to you, but I need it now!

We are swept across the plaza with Almeron and Susanna, their infant daughter ANGELINA in her arms, dropping a few of their possessions in their haste-

SUSANNA
You said it they wouldn't bother coming here!

ALMERON (false bravado)
They see our cannon, they gone think twice about charging in-

SHOUTS and people RUNNING out of the way- we PAN to see a small herd of LONGHORNS being driven through the plaza!

David Crockett is on HORSEBACK with a few of his Tennesseans, herding the cattle-

CROCKETT
Keep them beeves out of the buildins! Go, go- keep em movin!

He nods to a tejana WOMAN cowering against the wall-

CROCKETT
We be out of your path in a minute, M'am. Mind them horns-

51 EXT. VERAMENDI HOUSE - DAY 51

Bowie lays a small arsenal of FIREARMS and shot into a cart while his sister-in-law JUANA and Sam toss in bags of GRAIN and cooking utensils-

BOWIE (Spanish)
There's a shotgun hidden in the woodshed-

Bowie moves a little too fast, stops, dizzy-

SAM
You okay, Mr. Jim?

BOWIE
Get my horse.

52 EXT. PLAZA - TRAVIS 52

Travis is outside the infirmary as the Texian SICK AND WOUNDED are moved, the worst off supported by the more able. Joe helps lug a man out on a cot-

TRAVIS
All Texian wounded into the fort!

Wiley hobbles out supporting a wounded MEXICAN SOLDIER-

TRAVIS
Leave the Mexicans here- they'll take care of their own!

Wiley props the soldier against the wall of the building-

WILEY
Well- *buena suerte, amigo-*

MEXICAN SOLDIER
Y a tú también.

Sam Maverick rides past, bringing us to Travis again-

SAM MAVERICK
Time for me to get on to the Convention, Colonel.

TRAVIS
Alert the countryside to the situation here-

SAM MAVERICK
Will do-

TRAVIS
-and tell them in San Felipe that we must be reinforced!

Maverick spurs his horse away-

TRAVIS
Take the medicine, the mattresses, everything!

53 EXT. ALAMO COURTYARD - DAY 53

Frantic activity inside the Alamo walls- people, animals and supplies still arriving-

Almeron Dickenson and other ARTILLERYMEN load a BALL into the 18-pounder on the southeast corner-

Jim Bowie stands with Green Jameson by the main gate, dictating a letter to Juan Seguín. Bowie looks feverish, SWEAT beading his forehead-

BOWIE
'-would care to discuss conditions, I am at your service- God and the Republic of Mex--' make that 'God and Texas'.

Seguín changes the line, hands the note to Bowie to sign. His hand is unsteady. Seguín watches him, concerned-

SEGUÍN (Spanish)
Are you okay, Jim?

BOWIE (forces a grin)
Never felt better.

He hands the note to Green Jameson, who jumps on his horse and heads out the gate-

MEN are crowded up on the WEST WALL, looking toward town-

In the distance we see the MEXICAN TROOPS streaming in to Béxar. We TILT to see more and more and more SOLDIERS-

We PAN down the faces of the TEXIANS crowded on the wall, realizing what they're up against. We HOLD on Crockett and Daniel Cloud-

DANIEL CLOUD
Sure is a load of em.

CROCKETT (grim)
More than we got in here.

54 EXT. SAN FERNANDO CHURCH - SANTA ANNA - DAY 54

Santa Anna sits on his horse next to General Cos as his COLOR GUARD pull the MEXICAN FLAG from a trunk-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
Raise the flag.

55 EXT. ALAMO WALL - TOWARD BÉXAR 55

We look over the shoulder of Travis on the southwest artillery platform as the MEXICAN FLAG is raised-

TRAVIS
Fire at them.

ALMERON
Sir?

TRAVIS
Fire your cannon!

ALMERON
Yes sir-

Dickenson hits the touchhole of the 18-pounder- KABOOM!

Bowie looks up at the noise, stunned-

56 EXT. BÉXAR PLAZA - DAY 56

CRASH! Jesús and the rest of his unit duck as the CANNONBALL smashes into a BUILDING behind them. Only the Sargento remains standing-

SARGENTO (Spanish)
Steady, boys-

JESÚS (Spanish)
Is the battle started?

SARGENTO (Spanish)
Be patient. Before the dance come the invitations.

BELLTOWER, SANTA ANNA

A few yards away, Santa Anna fights to control his mount-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
The red one.

GENERAL COS (surprised)
Pero mi General-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish, adamant)
The red one!

The color guard pull a red flag from the trunk-

57 EXT. ALAMO, GUN PLATFORM - DAY 57

Bowie charges up the ramp to Travis-

BOWIE
Are you insane? I just sent Jameson out to parley!

TRAVIS
On whose authority?

BOWIE
On my authority! We don't know what we're facing yet.

TRAVIS
I will not surrender.

BOWIE
You will not get people slaughtered for nothing!

ALMERON (pointing)
Sir?

They turn to see as a RED FLAG with a SKULL AND CROSSBONES on it is raised up over the roof of the belltower-

Bowie glares at Travis-

BOWIE
No quarter.

WEST WALL - POV

Jameson and COLONEL ALMONTE confer on the BRIDGE to Béxar-

DANIEL CLOUD (O.S.)
I could nail him from here. Right between them pretty buttons-

TENNESSEANS

Daniel Cloud has drawn a bead on Colonel Almonte in the distance, but Crockett gently pushes his barrel up in the air-

CROCKETT
Don't make me nervous, son. That fella might be our ticket outa this mess.

PATTON
He's heading back-

POV - JAMESON AND ALMONTE

Jameson wheels around and rides back toward the fort-

WEST WALL - TEXIANS

Eager faces watch Jameson's return-

A dozen of the TEJANOS who came into the Alamo watch as well-

GREGORIO ESPARZA (Spanish)
My brother is out there with them.

COURTYARD

Jameson rides into the courtyard and dismounts, joined immediately by Bowie, Travis, Bonham and Seguín-

Jameson hands a note to Travis-

JAMESON
He speaks English like an Englishman-

SEGUÍN
Colonel Almonte-

TRAVIS (reading)
'-my commander refuses to discuss terms with rebellious foreigners to whom there is no recourse left, if they wish to save their lives-'

BOWIE
Shit-

TRAVIS
'-than to place themselves at the mercy of the Supreme Government.'

They are silent for a long moment-

TRAVIS
Surrender at discretion. We lay down our arms, and we are at their mercy, with no promises-

SEGUÍN
Sometimes they only execute the officers- or every tenth man-

TRAVIS
Mr. Bowie?

BOWIE (scowls)
I'd sooner trust a rattlesnake.

58 EXT. PLAZA DE LA ISLETA - DAY 58

We TILT down from the RED FLAG flapping from the church belltower to see Jesús and several other of the PEON SOLDIERS hauling heavy TRUNKS and FURNITURE into the DE AROCHA HOUSE-

59 INT. DE AROCHA HOUSE - DAY 59

Santa Anna sits as a VALET pulls his boots off. His personal secretary, ESCOBAR, stands taking notes as Sánchez-Navarro stands with hat in hand-

SÁNCHEZ-NAVARRO (Spanish)
I believe we could hold them here with a troop of four hundred and move on to Goliad with the main body-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
We move nowhere until these pirates have been dealt with!

Jesús and another PEON stumble in with a trunk-

SANTA ANNA (Spanisn)
Careful, boys- that's French crystal.

60 EXT. ALAMO COURTYARD - DAY 60

Most of the MEN have mustered in the Alamo courtyard, leaving 3-man CANNON CREWS up on their gun platforms just in case. Bowie, feverish, stands unsteadily beside Travis-

TRAVIS
Mr. Bowie?

BOWIE
You have to tell them.

Travis looks to Bowie, finally realizing just how sick he is-

BOWIE
I'm feeling a bit off.

Travis turns to face the men, most of whom regard him with a good deal of suspicion-

TRAVIS
We find ourselves in a rather-
difficult situation here.

Some unhappy muttering-

TRAVIS
The Mexicans have offered us only discretionary terms. We are to surrender our arms in return for--
nothing.

Susanna Dickenson, Juana Alsbury and a few other Tejana WOMEN listen with those of the SICK AND WOUNDED well enough to stand, in front of the GALERA next to the front gate-

TRAVIS
Though we are poorly supplied for an extended engagement, Mr. Bowie and I have agreed on a policy of resistance.

The men look to Bowie, who tries to stand firm, expressionless-

TRAVIS
Béxar- is the largest town in Texas, it stands at the crossroads leading to our other loyal settlements. We shall not flee, we shall not surrender- we shall defend this garrison, we shall engage and delay the enemy until our army is brought hence to defeat them.

Crockett and company digest this. Nobody flinches-

TRAVIS (calling)
Mr. Dickenson-

ALMERON
Yes, sir!

KABOOM! Dickenson FIRES the 18-pounder again-

TRAVIS
I suggest we all take shelter.

With that everybody hurries to get next to a wall or into a building. BAM! An answering SHELL smashes to the ground and bounces into the side of a building, CHIPS of ADOBE flying-

The Tennessee men follow Crockett across the courtyard. WHAM! another BALL lands a few yards away-

AUTRY
Awful fancy way of sayin we're screwed six ways from Sunday-

Bowie wanders toward the west wall, a bit dazed, as the ENEMY BOMBARDMENT starts in earnest, FIRING coming from all sides. Juana Alsbury and Sam rush out to take his arms-

JUANA
Santiago- venga conmigo-

BOWIE
Juana-

JUANA (Spanish)
You're sick.

BOWIE (weary, Spanish)
The heat-- I need to rest a bit-

She leads him away. We RACK FOCUS to see TRAVIS, already halfway up an artillery ramp, watching them. Worried-

61 EXT. GOLIAD ROAD - DAY 61

Young Albert Martin races his horse away from the Alamo as we hear Travis reading the message he is carrying on the TRACK-

TRAVIS (V.O)
'To the Texas Convention-- I am beseiged by a thousand or more of the Mexicans, who demand surrender or the garrison shall be put to the sword-'

We OVERLAP with another letter-

62 EXT. ROAD - COLORADO SMITH 62

Colorado Smith rides toward us, whipping his mount-

TRAVIS (V.O.)
'Colonel Fannin- I implore you to bring your forces at once to our aid-'

Colorado's horse GALLOPS straight OVER OUR HEADS-

63 EXT. MEXICAN CAMP, COCKPIT - NIGHT 63

A COCKPIT, ringed by TORCHES. A pair of HANDLERS kneel by their GAMECOCKS, one brown, one white-

The first puts the comb of his bird into his mouth, sucking blood into it while the other man straps a razor-sharp SPUR onto his bird's heel-

General Santa Anna sits with Cos and several of his OFFICERS on canvas field chairs, looking down into the cockpit-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
Begin.

We hear the SQUAWKING and SCRABBLING of the cocks fighting, FEATHERS flying in front of the officers! We TIGHTEN on Santa Anna, watching dreamily. Escobar writes in his notebook as the General pontificates-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
Mexico- is not ready for democracy. The country is so vast, the people so distinct in language and custom-

Jesús kneels at ringside squeamishly watching the cocks tear each other apart. He flinches as he is spritzed with BLOOD-

SANTA ANNA (O.S., Spanish)
A house divided against itself cannot stand.

The FIGHTING ENDS-

HANDLER (O.S., Spanish)
The brown one wins!

Jesús darts into the center of the pit and snatches up the limp, bloody CORPSE of the losing rooster, a beaming HANDLER holding up the WINNER for Santa Anna to fondle-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
You, boy-

JESÚS (Spanish, surprised)
Me?

Santa Anna puts the winning bird in his lap, strokes it-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
Where were you born?

JESÚS (Spanish)
In a place very close to here.

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
A patriot from the soil! Your grandfather must have fought the Comanches-

JESÚS (Spanish)
Yes, sir-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
And your father- ?

JESÚS (Spanish)
I never knew my father. He was- he was hanged.

SANTA ANNA (Spanish, sympathetic)
Lynched by the gringos?

Jesús is hesitant to answer-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
There is no shame in this, my boy. Tell me-

JESÚS (Spanish)
You hanged him, sir. When you fought for the Spanish.

A shocked silence. The General's staff watch his face--

Santa Anna begins to LAUGH-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
The honesty of our simple people! But we're all Mexicans now, *¿ay chico?*

JESÚS (Spanish)
Yes, sir. All of us.

MEXICAN CAMP - INDIAN WOMEN

A pair of Yucatecan WOMEN sit plucking feathers from birds they've drawn from a sizeable pile of DEAD ROOSTERS, an IRON POT hanging over a COOKFIRE beside them. They look up as PLOP! Jesús arrives to toss another corpse on the pile-

JESÚS (Spanish)
Another hero for the stew.

64 EXT. BÉXAR - DAY 64

The Mexican artillery CREW plug their ears as BLAM! a small CANNON is FIRED from the edge of town. In the distance we see the ball WHAM! smash into the west wall of the Alamo-

JOE (V.O.)
The Meskins commenced to firin they cannons the first day-

MEXICAN BATTERY

BLAM! Another small cannon in a battery to the north of the Alamo is fired-- WHAM! the projectile hits the north wall-

JOE (V.O.)
-and then they never let up. Day and night, night and day-

CANNON - VARIOUS ANGLES

We cut from the mouth of one cannon to another as- BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

65 EXT. ALAMO - COURTYARD - DAY 65

A CANNONBALL sails over the wall and WHAM! smacks into the front of the chapel. THUMP! THUMP! Two more fly in from other directions, one landing and rolling harmlessly on the ground-

JOE (V.O.)
-some was just round shot and the rest-

-the other with a FUSE still burning on it- KABLAM! it EXPLODES and sends SHRAPNEL flying!

JOE (V.O.)
-the rest was primed to make a man nervous.

LONG BARRACKS

TEXIANS dig a TRENCH just inside one of the doorways of the LONG BARRACKS, while others fill grain sacks with the displaced dirt to make SANDBAGS-

JOE (V.O.)
But it weren't but a long day's ride to Goliad and three to San Faleep.

Travis stands on the wall, searching the horizon with a spyglass-

POV - MEXICAN POSITIONS

We PAN once, twice, three times- settling on MEXICAN TROOPS digging in positions to the north, the east, the south-

JOE (V.O.)
If the Meskins was willin to let us lay low and wait for help-

Travis brings the field glass down, grim-

JOE (V.O.)
-wasn't none of us gone fuss about it.

66 INT. INFIRMARY - SUSANNA DICKENSON - DAY 66

Susanna Dickenson stands in the doorway the old CONVENTO off the parade, dully watching the bombardment. We see SICK and WOUNDED men laid out behind her. Wiley hobbles up on his crutches. Susanna flinches as a SHELL EXPLODES-

WILEY
Don't you worry, M'am. We're safe in here.

67 EXT. ALAMO COURTYARD - DAY - LATER 67

We see a ladleful of STEW plopped on a tin plate-

Those of the men not standing watch on the walls have lined up to receive their daily meal. Joe and Sam help serve, TEJANAS handing out TORTILLAS to the men-

Bowie has been brought down in his cot to join the men, sitting up, his face drawn, now and then COUGHING BLOOD into a handkerchief. Crockett sits by him, troubled-

CROCKETT
Just keep throwing shells in at us, make sure nobody gets to sleep. Playin with us-

BOWIE
I've seen *vaqueros* take an hour to kill one bull. They make a sport of it.

Bowie looks him over. Nothing about Crockett at the moment looks like a frontier legend-

BOWIE
So did you really do all those things they say?

Crockett, embarrassed, looks around at the eating DEFENDERS-

CROCKETT
A story is kind of like a tadpole. Turn your back an it's grown arms and legs and gone hoppin all over Creation.

Crockett picks the huge Bowie knife up from the foot of the cot to examine it-

CROCKETT
Course you're kinda famous too-

BOWIE
Notorious. There's a difference. I have not been- prudent in my business ventures. There have been affairs of honor to settle--

CROCKETT
You ever use this thing to- ?

BOWIE (nods)
The gentleman in question had shot me with his pistol on two separate occasions. Naturally, I took offense-

Crockett grins. Bowie is wracked by a COUGHING FIT, covering his face with the handkerchief. Crockett waits it out, looking around the fort-

CROCKETT
I'll tell you, being hemmed in like this--

BOWIE
The men look up to you-

CROCKETT
Travis is doing fine.

BOWIE
Colonel Travis is overly fond of the heroic gesture.

A silence as they contemplate this-

CROCKETT (brooding)
If it was just me, simple old coon-hunter from Tennessee, I could drop over the wall some night and take my chances. But this Davy Crockett feller- they're all watching him.

BOWIE
He's a bigger man.

Crockett shakes his head mournfully-

CROCKETT
A bigger target, you mean.

BOWIE
The time may come when our best move is to try a breakout. And I might not be well enough to lead it.

Crockett is uneasy under Bowie's steady gaze-

CROCKETT
It's a big load to carry, bein in charge-

A GUNSHOT-

TRAVIS (O.S.)
To your positions, men! On the double!

CROCKETT
This might be it-

Crockett leaps to his feet, snatching up his rifle and running off with the others. Bowie, abandoned, calls out-

BOWIE
Sam! My pistols!

68 EXT. ALAMO COURTYARD - VARIOUS SHOTS 68

We FOLLOW various groups of defenders as they run to their positions-

-past the earthworks REDOUBT with two CANNON aimed at the gate and up onto the positions around the MAIN GATE-

-up onto the northwest PLATFORM-

-into the CATTLE PENS and CORRAL that face the SWAMPY THICKETS to the northeast, sorry-looking HORSES and CATTLE shifting about in the excitement-

-fanning out along the low log PALISADE that runs diagonally from the edge of the chapel toward the main gate, an ABATIS of newly cut-and-trimmed TREES in front of it-

-following Crockett and several other Tennesseans up the ramp on the southwest corner to see-

POV - JACALES

About two hundred SOLDIERS of the *Permanente Matamoros* Battalion rush across the river at a shallow spot, then sprint toward a group of *jacales*- wooden lean-tos that stand about a hundred yards from the Alamo-

ALMERON (from wall)
Here they come!

ALAMO

Sharpshooters spread out on the south and west walls-

Travis, atop the ARTILLERY PLATFORM, sees it is only a probe on the one side-

TRAVIS
Hold steady, everyone! They're only testing our strength!

The men on the wall look to Travis uncertainly. POP! POP! MUSKET-FIRE from the Mexican soldiers, a ball ZINGING past Travis' ear. He seems to ignore it, speaks calmly-

TRAVIS
You may fire at will, gentlemen-

Crockett also remains standing as the other men, on their bellies, take aim. He strolls behind them-

CROCKETT
Let's pin em down, fellas!

We see over Crockett's shoulder toward the jacales, about half the MEXICANS still running for shelter-

BLAM! Daniel Cloud FIRES and a Mexican soldier falls-

We look down a line of long rifles- BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! The sharpshooters aim carefully and fire-

PERMANENTES fall as they are picked off trying to advance-

KABOOM! A FLAME erupts from the muzzle as the CANNON FIRES-

The Permanentes dive for cover, CANNISTER SHOT ripping through the flimsy stick-and-straw jacales, tearing into them!

Crockett strides on top of the wall, totally exposed, a big grin on his face. The picture of casual fearlessness-

CROCKETT
Make em count, fellas, don't waste your powder-

WHANG! A BULLET hits the wall just a few inches from Crockett's foot-

CROCKETT
Pert near blew my bunions off.

Laughter from the men-

CROCKETT (pointing)
William- next time that boy pops his head up you give him somethin to think about.

BLAM! Another charge of cannister blasts from the cannon-

One of the jacales flies apart! The Permanentes who are able to begin to RUN back toward their lines-

The defenders on the WEST WALL leap to their feet, WHOOPING-

AUTRY
Lookit em go! Run, you rabbits!

Crockett takes a deep breath, glad to be done with his heroics for the time being-

Travis stands at the position, sword in hand. He looks down to Joe lying belly-down on the wall, empty-handed, nervously watching the Mexicans retreat-

TRAVIS
Joseph- if you're not going to arm yourself there's no need to be on the wall.

69 EXT. ALAMO - NIGHT 69

A SENTRY on the wall looks out at the CAMPFIRES of the Mexican troops. They play the 'Deguello', a relentless TRUMPET SONG. There is a FLASH from a battery east of town and the corresponding EXPLOSION of the shell over the walls-

At the front of the chapel Travis holds a single LANTERN, lighting the faces of a dozen MEN-

TRAVIS
It will be considerably more difficult to pass through the enemy lines now that they have us- encircled. They'll be patrolling all the roads--

MENCHACA
Debe ser Juan.

TRAVIS
I need Captain Seguín here.

JAMESON
He's the only one of us sure to get through.

GREGORIO ESPARZA (Spanish)
He knows the countryside better than anybody.

Travis sighs, holds a DISPATCH out to Seguín-

TRAVIS
Very well. Captain Seguín?

Seguín takes the letter, nods grimly-

TRAVIS
Our fate is in your hands.

70 EXT. SOUTH WALL - NIGHT 70

A WOODEN LADDER is lowered over the south wall. Then ANOTHER and ANOTHER.

Crockett clambers down, along with a dozen MEN, rifles and finally TORCHES being handed down to them-

CROCKETT
Let's get this done quick.

The men run to the half-dozen JACALES that stand 80 yards from the wall. Half of the men go down on one knee, rifles ready to repel skirmishers, while the others knock the structures down. Crockett LIGHTS a straw roof with his torch-

CROCKETT
Don't stand in front of the flames, fellas. We're sittin ducks as it is.

Desultory GUNFIRE comes from the Mexican position, musket muzzles FLASHING in the dark-

71 EXT. FORT - SEGUÍN - NIGHT 71

On the other side of the fort Seguín climbs over the corral wall, then runs in a crouch, sliding down into a little ACEQUIA and following it away from the Alamo-

MEXICAN LINES

Jesús, wearing a threadbare military coat against the cold but still barefoot, paces back and forth at his sentry post. He is nervous- the MUSIC and the ARTILLERY and now the MUSKET FIRE from the other side of the fort keeping him on edge-

Seguín crouches, seeing Jesús above him, pacing only a few yards from the acequia-

SEGUÍN
Madre de Dios.

He pulls his KNIFE from his boot-- then decides on another course and puts it away. He waits till Jesús is pacing away, takes a deep breath, stands-

SEGUÍN
¡Soldado!

Jesús whirls about. Seguín strides toward him-

SEGUÍN (Spanish).
Show me that weapon.

Cowed, Jesús eagerly holds his musket out. Seguín snatches it from him and begins to inspect it-

SEGUÍN
¿Nombre?

JESÚS
Me llamo Jesús Montoya.

SEGUÍN (Spanish)
Regiment?

JESÚS (Spanish)
I'm- I'm not really a soldier-

Seguín gives him an imperious look-

SEGUÍN (Spanish)
You're a conscript?

JESÚS
Si, Don Jua-

SEGUÍN
Capitán.

JESÚS
Si, Capitán-

Seguín thrusts the musket back to Jesús-

SEGUÍN (Spanish)
And the other sentries?

Jesús points in the direction of the other sentry posts-

JESÚS (Spanish)
Gonzales there, Hinojosa there, and-
I don't know his real name, but Fatso
is over there.

SEGUÍN (points, Spanish)
And there?

JESÚS (Spanish)
There's nobody.

SEGUÍN (snorts, Spanish)
Nobody? We'll see about that.

Seguín strides away in the unguarded direction, calling back over his shoulder-

SEGUÍN
Vigilancia, Montoya. ¡Vigilancia!

Jesús watches him disappear into the darkness, puzzled-

JESÚS (Spanish, to himself)
He looked just like Don Juan Seguín--

We hear the SENTRIES calling out the 'all clear', each one closer to Jesús-

JESÚS (Spanish)
All clear!

72 EXT. ALAMO COURTYARD - DAY 72

A WORK DETAIL is piling heavy chunks of broken adobe back on top of the battered NORTH WALL-

JOE (V.O.)
The Meskins had us boxed up good an tight. They commenced to knockin our walls down, an we kep on buildin em on up.

In the courtyard Texians toss whatever METAL they have found- chains, nails, horseshoes, door hinges, iron crucifixes- next to John MCGREGOR, a burly Scotsman, who chops them into jagged bits on an ANVIL. Two little TEJANO BOYS load the scraps into CANNISTERS for the artillery pieces to fire-

JOE (V.O.)
Ever day the mens got ready for them to come at us-

Travis paces the wall, MEXICAN TROOPS visible beyond their artillery emplacements, just out of rifle range-

JOE (V.O.)
-an ever day Mister William look out for them troops from Goliad-

Travis turns and we see the disappointment tight on his face-

JOE (V.O.)
-but they never shown up. There was all kinds inside--

We cut to see people of various ethnicities-

JOE (V.O.)
-Irish, Scotchmen, English-

A couple Texians have roped a STEER and are dragging him out of the CATTLE PEN to be butchered-

JOE (V.O.)
-crackers-

A few of the TEJANA WOMEN cook corn and beef STEW in large POTS as a German BUTCHER breaks down a steer carcass with his cleaver in the BG-

JOE (V.O.)
-Meskin, German-

ANTHONY WOLFE and his son JACOB work repairing weapons, Saul pedalling a little KNIFE-SHARPENING WHEEL-

JOE (V.O.)
-Jewish-

Joe and Sam are shoveling LIME on top of the latest deposits in the slit-trench LATRINE at the back of the horse corral-

JOE (V.O.)
-plus there was me an Mr. Bowie's Sam.

SAM
He had you long?

JOE
Mr. Simon White down at Brazoria hold my contrack-

SAM
Ninety-nine years-

JOE
Yeah, an he hire me out to Mr. William last July.

SAM
I knew a man name Nemo belong to Simon White. Run off for Saltillo.

JOE
He got away?

SAM
Hell, yeah. Get crost that Río Bravo you won't find no more of these Texians. Mexicans let you be free.

JOE
But how you gonna live?

SAM
Work like a man, learn to talk Mexican-

JOE
But if they catch you runnin-

SAM (shrugs)
You get a whippin. Course Mr. Bowie, he likely to kill you, which is why my black be-hind still in this fort.

JOE (musing)
Talkin Mexican-

SAM
Aint nothin to it. Like if they come over these walls, you just throw up you hands and holler '*Soy negro, no disparo!*'

JOE
What's that?

SAM
Mexican law says there isn't no slaves, right? An contrack or no that's what you is. Mexicans see your color, you tell em not to shoot and they'll pass you by.

JOE
Mr. William give me a gun. He says when they come-

SAM (shakes his head)
I got to clean up they shit, take care of they horses, wash em, feed em- damn if I'm gonna die for em too.

73 EXT. TEXAS SCRUBLANDS - DAY 73

Santa Anna and General Cos observe a drill from their horses- a line of CONSCRIPTS, each with a MUSKET over his shoulder, face a single scared-looking INDIAN standing about two hundred yards away-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
Their President Jackson is behind it all. Houston, Bowie, this Crockett- great men he has sent to make the theft of our land respectable.

He nods to the Sargento, who walks behind the conscripts with a WOODEN STAFF in hand-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
Begin.

The Sargento calls to the Indian-

SARGENTO (Spanish)
Come on down!

The Indian starts sprinting towards the line of conscripts-

SARGENTO (Spanish)
Load your weapons!

We CROSS-CUT between Jesús, nervously fumbling his way through the complicated loading procedure, and an over-the-shoulder shot of the Indian sprinting closer, closer-

Jesús brings the musket down to half-cock the hammer-

Wipes the pan clean with his thumb-

Pulls a CARTRIDGE from a POUCH hung around his neck-

Tears the cartridge open with his teeth, pours POWDER onto the pan and snaps the frizzen over to cover it-

Butts the musket on the ground and pours the rest of the powder down the barrel-

Places the MUSKET BALL at the other end of the cartridge tube into the mouth of the barrel, sliding the RAMROD from its slot and jamming both ball and cartridge paper wadding deep into the barrel-

SARGENTO (O.S., Spanish)
Aim!

The Indian almost upon him, Jesús snaps his rifle up to aim, pulling the hammer back all the way-

SARGENTO
¡Fuego!

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! A ragged VOLLEY, only about a third of the men getting their shot off as the little Indian ducks below their plane of fire-

Jesús FIRES, the RECOIL knocking his head back-

The Indian lies on the ground, gasping for breath. One of the musket squad MOANS and holds the side of his face, burned by a 'flash in the pan'. A few are still trying to load-

The Sargento strides behind them, giving each man who fired too late a stiff WHACK between the shoulders with his staff-

SARGENTO (Spanish)
Dead. Dead. Dead. Hopeless. Dead.

He pauses when he comes to Jesús, then gives him a POKE in the stomach with the staff-

SARGENTO (Spanish)
Seriously wounded. The gringos will chew you up!

COS AND SANTA ANNA

Cos indicates the raw amateurs--

GENERAL COS (Spanish)
With this you expect to recapture Béxar?

SANTA ANNA (Spanish, smiles)
Marksmanship will not be required.

74 EXT. ALAMO - ANOTHER DAY 74

Light RAIN. INTERMITTENT BOMBARDMENT. Travis and Bonham watch something from the top of the wall over the main gate-

JOE (V.O.)
Round about a week after we come to the Alamo Santanna sent word that any Meskins in with us-

POV - BRIDGE

Green Jameson confers with Colonel Almonte on the bridge-

JOE (V.O.)
-could come out, no questions axed-

WALL, TRAVIS

Travis watches, not happy-

JOE (V.O.)
-an Mr. William he says they was welcome to go.

We TILT to see a few TEJANOS and their FAMILIES walking out of the open gate, pulling their horses and carrying their belongings-

JOE (V.O.)
Some took up and left-

Menchaca and Flores are with them, as is-

-Sam. Sam has a Mexican sombrero and serape on, astride an old mule. He nods to Joe as he rides past-

JOE (V.O.)
-willin to take their chances on the outside-

Gregorio Esparza and the seven or eight Tejanos who are staying watch-

JOE (V.O.)
-whilst a few of em stayed back.

MENCHACA (Spanish)
Good luck.

GREGORIO ESPARZA (Spanish)
And to you as well.

CU TRAVIS

Travis is scowling now-

JOE (V.O.)
Later Mr. William said how they was traitors, how probly all the Mexicans in town was traitors and spies and would pay for it. That same day-

We SHIFT to look down from the wall behind Travis as several men carry Bowie on his cot from the infirmary in the convento to the GALERA building next to the main gate-

JOE (V.O.)
-they move Mr. Bowie to his own room, bein that he thought he had the typhoid an other folks might start catchin it from him.

Bowie is wrapped in blankets, sweating with fever. Juana walks by his side as they pass a group of TEXIANS collecting spent Mexican CANNONBALLS and humping them up to the artillery platforms-

BOWIE
Hey, fellas! You be sure and send those back where they came from.

GRIMES
We'll do that, Jim.

FLYNN
The man looks like death itself.

75 INT. SICK ROOM - BOWIE - DAY 75

Juana helps settle Bowie into a spare little SICK ROOM. She has already set up a little ALTAR of CANDLES and religious items, a small CAMEO of Ursula at the center of it. She turns the face of a PLASTER SAINT toward Jim-

JUANA (Spanish)
Maybe the saints have deserted us.

Bowie lays back on the bed, sweating, reaching with a shaky hand to pick up the cameo and look at it-

BOWIE (Spanish)
People thought I married her for your father's money.

JUANA (Spanish)
Gossip.

BOWIE
Ella fue la única-- mi Ursula- the only thing in my life-- I was off chasing silver mines. All my life, whatever I had in my hand, I'd drop it and run after the next fortune, the next adventure--

JUANA (Spanish)
My sister truly loved you. It was in her eyes-

TRAVIS (O.S.)
Colonel Bowie?

Travis stands in the doorway. Bowie sits up as Travis enters, suddenly agitated-

BOWIE
Buck- look, this fever should break in a few days-

TRAVIS
There is no need for you to exert yourself at the moment, Colonel. The Mexicans continue to sit behind their artillery.

BOWIE
They'll move up-

TRAVIS
As they have every night.

BOWIE (shakes his head)
There's too much wall to cover. If they attack-

TRAVIS
We shall be reinforced. Colonel Fannin-

BOWIE
Fannin knows a good deal more about selling darkies than he does about leading troops.

TRAVIS (knows it's true)
Perhaps the Convention will come to our rescue-

BOWIE
And I will sprout wings and fly back to Opelousas.

Travis stiffens. Bowie isn't making this easy-

BOWIE
You don't need to prove anything to the men, Buck. They all know you're-

Travis stands abruptly-

TRAVIS
I shall continue to keep you informed of the command while you are recuperating. Madame-

He gives a nod to Juana, exits. Bowie eases himself back onto the bed as Juana crosses herself-

BOWIE
I feel dizzy--

JUANA (Spanish)
May God have mercy on us.

76 INT. ROOM/EXT. SAN FELIPE STREET - DAY 76

We look down on the main street as Albert Martin gallops into town, dismounting by the convention cabin and greeted by several excited TOWNSPEOPLE. One of them, Matt, breaks away from the group and runs across the street toward us-

We TRACK BACK to reveal that we're looking through the WINDOW in the upstairs ROOM of the tavern. We PAN to see an ornate PISTOL lying on a bedside table beside a few empty liquor bottles. A hand appears to pick the pistol up-

We FOLLOW the pistol to Sam Houston, sitting on his bed. He contemplates it for moment, takes a deep breath, cocks the hammer, turns the barrel toward his forehead---

We TIGHTEN on Houston's right eye as BATTLE SOUNDS rise-

77 EXT. BATTLEFIELD, HORSESHOE BEND 77

YOUNG SAM HOUSTON, an ensign, SCREAMS in pain as a LIEUTENANT tries to extricate an ARROW from his thigh. All around them white REGULARS battle CREEK WARRIORS-

LIEUTENANT
You need a surgeon!

HOUSTON
Pull it out!

The Lieutenant grasps the arrow by the shaft, yanks- Houston ROARS as a geyser of BLOOD shoots out from his leg!

78 INT. ROOM (PRESENT) 78

The BATLE SOUNDS CONTINUE as Houston remembers, sweat beading on his forehead, his thumb tightening on the TRIGGER-

79 EXT. BATTLEFIED, HORSESHOE BEND 79

Houston, hobbling with his leg tightly bandaged, finds his men pinned down, hiding from MUSKET-FIRE behind narrow saplings which provide inadequate cover-

HOUSTON
Up! All of you! After me!

SOLDIER
They're dug in awful tight, sir-

HOUSTON
And how do you suggest we get them out?

With that he clambers down the slope of the ravine, half-dragging his wounded leg, waving the men on with his SWORD-

HOUSTON
After me, all of you!

Houston lurches to the bottom of the ravine, stops only twenty yards from the enemy's felled-tree REDOUBT-

HOUSTON
Volley formation!

He senses something wrong, looks back-

None of the men have followed him!

Resigned, the young ensign turns to meet his fate-

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! MUSKET-FLASH from between the branches of the redoubt! Houston is spun around, hit in the chest and arm by several musket balls-

MATT (O.S.)
General?

80 INT. ROOM (PRESENT) 80

Houston looks up to see Matt standing in the doorway. His body relaxes as he lays the pistol in his lap-

MATT (scared)
Sorry, I- uhm- I think they need you over to the Convention.

HOUSTON
And what would they need me for?

MATT
Albert Martin just rode in with word from Béxar-- the Mexicans got our boys holed up in the Alamo.

Houston stares at him for a moment, the color coming back into his face-

HOUSTON
Hand me my boots.

81 INT. CONVENTION CABIN - DAY 81

The big room is packed to the rafters with DELEGATES and INTERESTED PARTIES. Young Albert Martin stands at the front reading the last of the dispatch from Travis-

ALBERT MARTIN
'In the meantime we will make such resistance as is due our honor, and that of our country. I call on you in the name of Liberty, of patriotism and everything dear to the American character, to come to our aid with all dispatch. If this call is neglected, I am determined to sustain myself as long as possible and die like a soldier- I shall never surrender or retreat--- *Victory or Death!*'

A long silence. A delegate wipes a tear from his cheek. Then Potter jumps to his feet-

POTTER
I say we all saddle up and head for Béxar!

SHOUTS of agreement and anger, the whole Convention on their feet! But one VOICE booms above the others-

HOUSTON (O.S.)
Words that stir the blood!

All heads turn-

Sam Houston stands at the rear as if he's been there all along, fire in his eye-

HOUSTON
I commend your boldness, friends- but I fear it is misplaced.

He turns to address James Robinson-

HOUSTON
What, sir, is the news from your Matamoros adventure?

Robinson scowls. Delegates GRUMBLE-

HENRY SMITH
About half of the fellas dragged their tails back here cause there was no grub and no glory- the rest, well- they got trapped by Mexican cavalry down near San Patricio. They kilt Dr. Grant with them lances-

HOUSTON
A fate we would do well to avoid. Our strength must not be dissipated!
(more)

HOUSTON
If we do not meet the enemy in force and defeat him our homesteads will but put under the torch one by one, our cattle slaughtered, our precious wives and virgin daughters defiled!

He's got their attention with virgin daughters. The mood of the crowd has changed from rash attack to the fear of being overrun-

HOUSTON (to Albert)
How many of the foe were there in Béxar?

ALBERT MARTIN
Hell- thousands. And that was days ago-

HOUSTON
Plus those sweeping north from San Patricio. We must recall Fannin and his men from Goliad and order Travis, if he has not already done so, to disengage from the enemy and make his way to join us here.

DE ZAVALA
You think he has escaped?

HOUSTON (indicates letter)
Nearly a week has passed since this missive was directed to us-

SAM MAVERICK
But what if they can't get out?

A turning point. Houston chooses his words carefully-

HOUSTON
The march to victory cannot be sacrificed for a hundred stragglers.

ROBINSON (calling out)
I don't see why we're listening to a man who just crawled out of a bottle-

Houston whirls to face Robinson-

HOUSTON
Sir, I will not abandon Texas! It is my destiny!

A frozen moment, then-

HENRY SMITH
All in favor of re-instating Sam Houston as General of the regular army-

An immediate DEBATE breaks out, charges and counter-charges SHOUTED as the delegates turn on each other-

MATT

The SOUND FADES as Matt watches from the doorway-

MATT (V.O.)
There wadn't any way to know if what the General was saying was true or not-

POV - HOUSTON

MATT (V.O.)
-but he sure made you want to believe him.

Houston stands calmly, above it all. We TIGHTEN on his face-

MATT (V.O)
When the fur stopped flyin General Houston was back in charge of buildin the Army-

82 EXT. SAN FELIPE STREET - DAY 82

Matt runs out of the tavern with a bundle over his shoulder, his Paw in hot pursuit with a chair leg-

MATT (V.O)
-and I'd upped and joined it.

Paw gives up, winded, and we PAN to see Matt run down the street toward a group of thirty or forty RECRUITS mustering around Houston on his WHITE HORSE-

MATT (V.O)
But if them fellas in the Alamo was countin on us-

83 EXT. ALAMO WALL - NIGHT 83

MATT (V.O)
-they was in for a long wait.

Two SENTRIES on the east wall above the main gate look out into the darkness-

CONLEY
I hear em. I swear I hear em.

FLYNN
It's me belly, growlin from hunger-

REDOUBT

Travis demonstrates shotgun technique to Joe-

TRAVIS
This weapon isn't much good unless they breach the walls-

JOE
I'll keep that in mind, sir.

TRAVIS
Brace it against your hip, not your shoulder- have you ever fired a weapon at a man?

JOE
I never been 'lowed to hold one before.

Travis looks at Joe as if seeing him for the first time. He hands him the shotgun-

TRAVIS
Then this will be quite an opportunity for you.

PALISADE

Crockett, Daniel Cloud and William Patton have drawn the night guard at the palisade. An occasional ROCKET lights up the sky, arcing over and landing in the parade behind them-

DANIEL CLOUD
You probly been in lots worse fixes than this one, haven't you Davy?

CROCKETT
Oh, sure. First time I stood up to speak before Congress, my mouth was dryer than a Quaker in a cracker barrel.
(the men laugh)
Saw so many politicians run for the door I thought the building was on fire.

PATTON
We were wonderin- well, we figure since every one of us could account for ten of them-

DANIEL CLOUD
And we got over a hundred could fight if we went out-

PATTON
I bet we could lick em.

CROCKETT
You got a plan, tell it to Colonel Travis.

PATTON
We were countin on you. In all your Indian fightin, you must have-

CROCKETT
I wasn't ever in but one real scrape in my life, fellas.

This is news to Davy's young companions-

DANIEL CLOUD
In the books-

CROCKETT
That fella in the books been pumped up so much I don't recognize him.

PATTON
But you were in the Red Stick War, weren't you?

CROCKETT (reluctant)
Yeah. I was in that. Micajah was there too-

We slowly TRACK IN as he speaks-

CROCKETT
I was just about your age when it broke out. The Creeks boxed up oh- four, five hundred people at Fort Nims. Massacred every one of em-

PATTON
In a fort.

CROCKETT (nods)
So I up and joined the volunteers. Mostly I was a scout, brought in a lot of deer for the cookfire. We caught up with the redskins at Tallusahatchee. We surrounded the whole village and come in from all directions--

He stops for a moment, remembering-

CROCKETT
It wasn't much of a fight, really, we just- shot em like dogs.

We are in a full CLOSE-UP now-

CROCKETT
Finally what was left of em crowded into this little cabin- maybe they wanted to surrender, but this squaw let loose with an arrow and hit one of the fellas, so we all shot her and then- set fire to the cabin. We could hear em screaming. We could smell em.

He lowers his voice, looking away from the other men-

CROCKETT
We hadn't et nothin but parched corn since October and that was near gone. The next day when we went through the ashes we found these potaters they'd stored under the cabin. They'd been- cooked- by the grease that run off them Indians. We ate till we near burst.

It is quiet for a long moment-

CROCKETT
Since then, you pass me the taters, I'll pass em right back.

BLAM! A GUNSHOT from the gate brings them all to their feet-

PATTON
They coming?

CONLEY (from the wall)
I think I hit one of em!

The men stand listening for a moment, rifles ready--- then from the darkness we hear a discouraging word-

ELI (O.S.)
Son of a got-damn walleyed bitch hit me! I look like a greaser, you blind fuckin turd?

COLORADO (O.S.)
Open the gate! It's us!

Travis calls from the REDOUBT, pistol and sword in hand, a CANNONEER beside him ready to fire a cannister load if this is a trick-

TRAVIS
Open it up, men.

A pair of men pull the gate OPEN and the GONZALES PARTY armed MEN on horseback, led by Colorado Smith, walk their horses in. There is a WHOOP from the defenders-

BAUGH
They're here! The reinforcements! They're here!

Susanna Dickenson rushes out from the infirmary to see-

Crockett and the Tennessee boys are grinning and CHEERING-

BOWIE - SICK ROOM

Jim Bowie lifts his head from his sweat-drenched pillow. Juana calls from the doorway-

JUANA (Spanish)
They've come, James! The others have come!

COURTYARD

Colorado dismounts and gives Travis a smiling salute-

COLORADO
I figure this is every able-bodied man in Gonzales.

Most of the DEFENDERS gather around, shaking hands and slapping backs as the newcomers dismount. A couple help the WOUNDED MAN, Eli, off his horse-

TRAVIS
You were undetected?

COLORADO
You stay clear of the roads you can ease through.

TRAVIS
And Fannin is behind you?

COLORADO
He's not here?

An awkward silence-

The Gonzales men are as stunned to hear that Fannin's troop isn't already there as the defenders are to hear he's not just outside-

COLORADO
I talked to him three days ago. The sonofabitch said he was coming-

TRAVIS
Perhaps he is-- in transit-

COLORADO
I brung thirty-two men, Colonel- though your sentry winged Eli pretty bad.

TRAVIS (crestfallen)
Thirty-two-

Crockett looks around at the dejected faces of his comrades. Some spirits that need lifting-

CROCKETT
And if they aint the purtiest-lookin bunch of Texians I ever seen. Let's hear it for Gonzales, fellas!

The men CHEER-

84 INT. DE AROCHA HOUSE - NIGHT 84

Santa Anna smokes a cigarillo as he plays CARDS with a half-dozen of his STAFF, Escobar recording his statements-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
Do you think these gringos will stop crossing our border if I send them home with a slap and a harsh word? Our nation is in its infancy- our people look to me as a father who will protect them. We must be ruthless-

A MESSENGER steps in, breathless, coming to attention and saluting. Santa Anna doesn't look up from his hand-

MESSENGER
¡Mi general!

SANTA ANNA
Dígame-

MESSENGER (nervous, Spanish)
It seems, General, that unfortunately-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
Get to the point, son.

MESSENGER (Spanish)
Some rebels have managed to get past us- and into the fort.

Santa Anna doesn't seem fazed, studying his cards-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
How many?

MESSENGER (Spanish)
Maybe thirty, General.

Santa Anna pushes GOLD COINS into the kitty, smiles-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
The pot grows richer.

85 EXT. ALAMO - MEXICAN BATTERY - DAY 85

Much closer now, Mexican cannon FIRE on the Alamo, its walls visibly in worse shape then the last time we saw them-

ANOTHER BATTERY FIRES from the north-

ANOTHER BATTERY, at the edge of town, FIRES-

An ARTILLERY OFFICER raises his arm, then FREEZES, listening-

The members of the Mexican GUN CREW pause as well, listening--

A STRANGE MUSIC wafts across the no-man's-land from the Alamo. BAGPIPE MUSIC---

CREW MEMBER (Spanish)
They're killing cats.

JOE (V.O.)
The folks inside figured they owed them what come from Gonzales some kind of thank-you-kindly-

86 EXT. ALAMO COURTYARD - DAY 86

Sheltered against the west wall, much of the garrison gather around Scotsman JOHN MCGREGOR playing the BAGPIPES as David Crockett accompanies him on FIDDLE. Joe watches, dubious-

JOE (V.O.)
-even if they wasn't so many of em. Mr. Crockett and the Scotchman played some music I hadn't never heard the <u>like</u> of-

The Mexican CANNON continue to BLAST away at the walls-

CORRAL - TRAVIS AND BONHAM

The ARTILLERY BARRAGE and the MUSIC CONTINUE. Starving HORSES shift uneasily as Travis hands Bonham a dispatch-

TRAVIS
I'm sorry you have to risk leaving in daylight-

BONHAM
No matter-

Travis nods to the friskiest of the horses-

TRAVIS
Take Colonel Bowie's horse. I don't believe he'll be needing it.

87 INT. SICK ROOM - BOWIE - DAY 87

We TIGHTEN on Jim Bowie, tossing and turning in a fevered sleep, the sound of the MUSIC and BOMBARDMENT RISING as we reach an EXTREME CLOSE-UP and-

DISSOLVE TO:

88 EXT. SAND BAR - DAY 88

MUSIC and CANNON FIRE CONTINUE throughout as-

On a wooded SAND BAR in the middle of the Mississippi River we see a half dozen ROWBOATS pulled up on the shore-

Two men, WELLS and MADDOX pace away from each other, PISTOLS in hand. Their SECONDS and FRIENDS watch at the edge of the trees on either side of a CLEARING. The duellists turn, aim-

BOOM! CANNONFIRE accompanies the simultaneous FLASH from the pistols. Both men remain standing-

Bowie, younger, watches with the Wells' party-

The duellists lower their pistols, walk toward each other, hands extended in truce-

Bowie and the others behind him walk forward-

The Maddox party, which includes ROBERT CRAIN and Bowie's old antagonist NORRIS WRIGHT, begin to walk forward to the center of the clearing as well-

Most of the men are smiling and shaking hands, but two, Crain and GENERAL CUNY, face off and begin to ARGUE-

Growing red in the face, Crain throws out an insult- BOOM! The CANNON FIRE RESUMES-

BOOM! BOOM! CANNON BLASTS punctuate Cuny's replies, the MUSIC growing wilder, LOUDER-

MUSIC CONTINUES, fiddle SCREECHING, bagpipes WAILING as the truce falls apart (each pistol shot is punctuated by CANNON on the TRACK)-

Cuny and Crain pull out their PISTOLS. Bowie, standing just behind Cuny, pulls his out as well. Crain FIRES-

Bowie FIRES back, clipping Crain's cravat but not hurting him. Crain draws his second pistol and FIRES, hitting General Cuny in the thigh, BLOOD SPURTING-

Crain starts to run back toward the trees, but Bowie draws his huge KNIFE from its scabbard and chases him! Crain whirls and throws his empty pistol full force, smacking Bowie square in the forehead-

Bowie is staggered, falling back against an upended DRIFTWOOD TREE. DENNY, one of Wells' party, comes to his aid, but now Wright is there, FIRING his pistol, the ball blowing two of Denny's FINGERS off and passing into Bowie's lungs!

Bowie lunges toward Wright, who runs away. The BLANCHARD BROTHERS FIRE their pistols at Bowie, one shot hitting him in the thigh and bringing him down. Wright turns, pulling the tip off his SWORD CANE to reveal the sharp BLADE, and begins to stab at Bowie on the ground, joined by Alfred Blanchard with his sword cane-

Bowie flails with legs and knife, being STABBED repeatedly while nicking his assailants several times-

Finally Bowie manages to sit up, grabbing Wright by the collar. When Wright straightens it pulls Bowie to his feet and he thrusts the knife deep into Wright's chest!

A frozen moment, the two old enemies staring into each other's eyes, Wright's wide in shock, Bowie's hard with rage-

Bowie twists the knife sideways. BLOOD SPURTS as the last note SCRAPES on the FIDDLE-

89 INT. SICK ROOM - BOWIE - DAY 89

Bowie's eyes pop open, he GASPS, hand darting out to-

-grab Travis by the arm. Travis is leaning over Bowie, concerned-

TRAVIS
Colonel Bowie?

Bowie is drenched in sweat, just back from the deadly nightmare. He pulls Travis down till he can croak a single phrase into his ear-

BOWIE
Fight to the end.

90 EXT. SAN FELIPE - CLEARING - DAY 90

A motley bunch of fifty TEXIAN RECRUITS stand in a CLEARING-

U.S. SOLDIER
-so our Lieutenant read us this call to arms they'd posted, about how Texas needs men and liberty and all-

Matt watches from the ranks, rifle over his shoulder, tomahawk in his belt, while Houston interrogates a trio of uniformed AMERICAN INFANTRYMEN-

U.S. SOLDIER
-and he says if any of us was to desert for, oh, say two, three months till the Meskins get sent back where they belong, he was far too busy feedin gummint beef to the Pawnees to notice we was gone-

2ND U.S. SOLDIER (winks)
With our rifles and powder and two weeks provisions to be drawn from the quartermaster-

U.S. SOLDIER
Only we thought you'd have-

The soldier indicates the few recruits around him-

U.S. SOLDIER
-like an army or somethin-

SEGUÍN (O.S.)
General Houston-

Juan Seguín, bone-tired and dusty from the road, waits a few yards away with his exhausted mount huffing beside him-

SEGUÍN
May I have a word with you?

HOUSTON
At ease, men.

We HOLD with Matt and the others as Houston crosses to Seguín-

2ND U.S. SOLDIER
What's he talkin to a Mexican for?

MATT
That's Captain Seguín. He's been in it since before they took Béxar.

U.S. SOLDIER
Captain? I didn't come here to take orders from some greaser-

MATT
Juan Seguín aint no greaser. Around here he's kinda like- royalty.

HOUSTON AND SEGUÍN

Houston keeps his eye on the recruits as Seguín pleads-

SEGUÍN
They're trapped in there.

HOUSTON
I told Bowie to-

SEGUÍN
There is a red flag over the plaza!

This stops Houston in his tracks. The men are all watching them now, eager to hear what the situation at the Alamo is-

HOUSTON
Colonel Travis and his men have bought the Republic valuable time, but I will not sacrifice our-

SEGUÍN
Republic?

HOUSTON
You haven't heard? We voted for independence.

We HOLD on Seguín, not sure how he feels about this news-

HOUSTON (O.S.)
Texas is its own nation.

91 EXT. GOLIAD - DAY 91

A long, stalled column of TEXIANS reaches back toward a mission FORTRESS. We SUPERIMPOSE-

GOLIAD

Ehrenberg is swearing a blue streak in GERMAN as his companion, PETRUSSEWICZ, agrees in Polish-

EHRENBERG (German)
You don't vote in the army! There is a commander and he decides and you follow his orders right or wrong!

PETRUSSEWICZ (Polish)
In Poland this man would be dead. A mutiny-

His voice is drowned out by CLATTERING HOOVES. James Butler Bonham races past them toward the head of the column-

James Fannin supervises as Texians try to jack up an overladen WAGON with a BUSTED AXLE. The unhitched OX-TEAM grazes placidly nearby as Texians curse and strain to lift it-

FANNIN
We might have to unload it first.

Bonham rides up and dismounts, furious-

BONHAM
You haven't left yet!

FANNIN
We've had a misfortune with our supply wagon.

BONHAM
We've been under seige for over a week, and you-

FANNIN
Doctor Grant and Mister Johnson stripped this post of all decent wagons and livestock. At the Point we were taught never to expose our men in the open without-

BONHAM
You're exposing them now!

FANNIN
You're quite right, Lieutenant.

He looks at the DARKENING SKY, calls to his second in command-

FANNIN
Have the men pull those cannon back into the fort! There seems to be a storm brewing.

Several of the men scowl at this turnaround, but grudgingly head back toward the fort. Bonham is desperate-

BONHAM
Let me take a hundred of your people and whatever they can carry! We could reach the Alamo by-

FANNIN
I will abandon this position empty of powder and provision or I will defend it to the last man- but I will <u>not</u> divide my command.

BONHAM
Instead you will equivocate until it is too late to save either garrison!

They stare at each other for a long moment-

FANNIN
I would answer your comment, sir, on the field of honor. However, my responsibilities will not afford me that pleasure.

He turns his back on Bonham and heads for the mission-

FANNIN
Inform Colonel Travis that we shall proceed to Béxar with all prudent haste.

92 EXT. ALAMO - WIDE SHOT - MORNING 92

We see the SUN RISING past the walls of the Alamo chapel-

93 INT. INFIRMARY - DAY 93

Susanna Dickenson changes a bandage on a wounded man's arm-

JOE (V.O.)
We got to feelin the whole world went an forgot about us.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! the howitzer SHELLS EXPLODE outside.

JOE (V.O.)
Cept them three thousand Meskins-

Wiley limps up to Susanna, carrying a rifle. He clearly has a crush on her-

WILEY
M'am-

SUSANNA
You're leaving?

WILEY
I can't run but I can shoot. They might could use me on the walls.
(bashful)
I sure do appreciate all you done for me. When you're bad hurt, it's good to-- you know- have someone to think about. To put your mind off it.

SUSANNA (deadpan)
I'm glad I could help.

WILEY
Well- be seein you.

Wiley limps out. Susanna, flattered, smiles-

94 EXT. MAIN GATE WALL - SENTRY 94

The SENTRY on the main gate wall CALLS OUT-

SENTRY
Rider coming in!

James Butler Bonham is coming in from the east, between the powderhouse and a Mexican battery, racing his mount flat out, a quartet of Mexican LANCERS chasing him toward the fort!

Crockett rushes up to the firing trench of the PALISADE-

CROCKETT
It's Bonham! He's got company!

Several men come up beside Crockett, all carefully aiming their rifles- BLAM! BLAM! BLAMBLAMBLAM!

One lancer is blown off his horse, while another has his mount shot from under him. They stop chasing Bonham, pulling up to help their wounded off the field-

COURTYARD

Joe grabs Bonham's mount as Travis and Crockett approach-

TRAVIS
Fannin?

BONHAM (dismounts)
Colonel Fannin will not be joining us.

Crockett and Joe are crestfallen. Travis gives Bonham a searching look-

TRAVIS
But you returned-

BONHAM
I believe you have earned the courtesy of a reply.

Travis nods, extremely flattered-

BONHAM
As I was riding in, the Mexicans- they were building ladders.

Travis and Crockett exchange a look-

TRAVIS
Joe- find Colonel Bonham something to eat.

Crockett and Travis watch Bonham walk away with Joe-

TRAVIS (musing)
His family lived in the town I was raised in back in South Carolina. They were- quality.

Crockett looks toward the gate, brooding-

CROCKETT
So what are you going to tell the men?

TRAVIS
If if tell them the truth of the situation they may choose to attempt an escape- which I believe would be disastrous.

CROCKETT
Waitin in here for what comes next won't be no picnic either.

TRAVIS
What would you have me do, then?

Crockett ponders this a moment-

CROCKETT
Like the fella says- 'Be sure you're right, and then go ahead.'

ENSIGN BAUGH approaches. Men are watching from all around them now, eager to hear the news-

TRAVIS (still undecided)
Ensign Baugh- have the men fall in.

95 EXT. COURTYARD - LATER 95

Joe stands to one side, watching with Almeron and Susanna Dickenson and some of the Tejana women and children. Susanna holds little Angelina in her arms-

TRAVIS, MEN

Once again Travis has mustered the men. This is a dirtier, hungrier, more desperate group than on the first day of the seige. Travis waves a dispatch, smiling-

TRAVIS
I have a rather outdated letter here- purporting that our comrades in arms are on their way from both San Felipe and Goliad-

Crockett and Travis meet eyes for a moment-

Crockett nods-

Travis, his smile fading, delivers the news-

TRAVIS
-but I have no indication when- or if- this relief will arrive.

The men react. Murmurs-

TRAVIS
We have, however, already performed an invaluable service- while the enemy has been engaged with us here in Béxar our Convention has had the opportunity to meet, our fellow Texians have no doubt armed and organized themselves.

James Bonham doubts this very much-

TRAVIS
If we can hold out long enough, keep the enemy at bay, this seige may yet be turned into victory!

Joe studies the men's faces. Nobody is buying this. Travis realizes how empty his words sound, changes tone-

TRAVIS
Texas-- has been a second chance for me. I expect that might be true for many of you men.

Crockett listens, his Tennesseans arrayed behind him-

TRAVIS
It has been a chance not only for land or riches- but-

Travis struggles to say what he really feels-

TRAVIS
-but a chance to be a different man. A better man.

We TRACK in front of the men, the words taking effect-

TRAVIS
There have been many ideas brought forth in the last few months of what Texas is, of what it should become.

We see the TEJANOS left inside-

TRAVIS
We are not all in agreement.

Travis is articulating this for the first time, even to himself-

TRAVIS
I'd like each of you men- to think of what it is you value so highly that you are willing to fight and possibly to die for it. We will call that Texas.

Travis looks into the eyes of the soldiers. They are with him now-

TRAVIS
The Mexicans hope to lure us into attemping escape. In the open, without our cannon- they will cut us to pieces. If we force the enemy to attack, however- we will show him what true patriots are made of.

The DEFENDERS- a motley crew of old and young, educated and ignorant, Scotsmen, Germans, Welsh, Irish, Americans, Tejanos- realize the depth of the shit they've landed in-

TRAVIS
If any of you choose to depart under the white flag of surrender- you may do so now.

Nobody speaks. Nobody moves-

TRAVIS
Very well. If- when the attack comes-- we must sell our lives dearly.

96 EXT. MEXICAN CAMP - NIGHT 96

We TRACK down a line of the poorer CONSCRIPTS, waiting for something. Jesús sits on a stump, trying on a new pair of SHOES from a mountainous PILE of SHOES and SANDALS for the men to choose from, no lefts or rights, just big and small. The Sargento stands beside him, looking out at the scrub-

SARGENTO (Spanish)
Why are we fighting for this? It's the end of the earth.

JESÚS (Spanish)
Where do you come from, Sergeant?

SARGENTO (Spanish)
From the port of Veracruz. All my brothers are sailors.

JESÚS (Spanish)
But not you?

SARGENTO (Spanish)
I get seasick.
(calls to others)
Choose with care, boys! You could be wearing these in the afterlife.

97 INT. DE AROCHA HOUSE - EVENING 97

Santa Anna and his officers stand around a table with a detailed MAP of the Alamo and the surrounding Mexican positions on it. He seems bouyant, loving the game-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
We will close in from every direction, swiftly and without warning. General Cos- your men will have the opportunity to regain their honor- they will be the first to engage the enemy cannons here at the north wall-

GENERAL COS (tense, Spanish)
Thank you, my General-

98 EXT. ALAMO WALL - EVENING 98

Travis stands with Bonham, Jameson and Crockett on the north wall gun platform, looking down over the fort-

TRAVIS
The enemy will suffer terrible casualties from our cannon and rifle fire in the initial assault- terrible casualties. We can only hope that this discourages them sufficiently-- However, if it does not-

CROCKETT
They'll just keep coming.

TRAVIS
When- if- the walls are breached in any sector, we will be forced to fall back into the buildings along the parade-

The men look around the walls, imagining-

99 INT. DE AROCHA HOUSE - EVENING 99

Santa Anna continues with his instructions-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
General Ramirez y Sesma will patrol the perimeter with his lancers to deal with those of the enemy who run from the fort-

ALMONTE (Spanish)
Excuse me General, but if we continue the bombardment but a few more days, the rebels will-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
The rebels will most likely surrender.

ALMONTE (Spanish)
Yes, and our men will not be slaughtered in-

SANTA ANNA (indignant, Spanish)
I will not allow the glory of this battle to be stolen from me!

100 EXT. ALAMO - NORTH WALL - NIGHT 100

Texians are building a REVETMENT- a log scaffolding to shore up the crumbling north wall. Some hammer the last of the logs into place while others dump earth into the space between wall and wood, packing it down-

Travis watches from atop the wall-

TRAVIS
That will have to do for now. You men take your positions.

We FOLLOW Travis down the west wall, stepping past exhausted men, lying with several RIFLES and MUSKETS laid out next to them, all loaded, some fitted with BAYONETS. Travis calls to the PICKET posted beyond the wall-

TRAVIS
You awake out there?

GRIMES (O.S.)
I'm here, Colonel.

He comes to Ensign Baugh, the officer of the watch-

BAUGH
I believe some of these men could sleep through the end of the world.

TRAVIS
See that they don't.

PALISADE

Crockett and his friends are leaning their loaded weapons- several for each man- up against the wall of the palisade. Crockett is trying to keep his best face on what he knows is a hopeless situation-

CROCKETT
We ought to get off four or five clear shots before we have to reload.

DANIEL CLOUD
And if they come over the wall behind us?

Crockett winks at the others-

CROCKETT
In that case, Daniel, we gonna have a fight on our hands.

101 INT. TRAVIS' ROOM - NIGHT 101

Joe sleeps on a cot. Travis writes at his desk-

TRAVIS (softly)
'My dearest son-- '

102 EXT. ALAMO - NIGHT 102

MOONLIGHT on the Alamo as we FLOAT over the walls, looking down on SLEEPING MEN sprawled by their weapons. The CANNONADE and MUSIC have STOPPED-

103 EXT. BÉXAR CEMETERY - DREAMSCAPE - NIGHT 103

TUMBLEWEED blows in SLOW MOTION between the headstones and crosses in the Béxar cemetery. A FIGURE IN WHITE stands in a weed-choked corner, back to us. We TRACK IN slowly. The figure TURNS- it is Ursula Veramendi, WEDDING DRESS riffling in SLOW MOTION in the breeze. She smiles, beckons us closer, but we TRACK BACK, back, back, unable to take her offered hand-

104 INT. SICK ROOM - BOWIE 104

Bowie's eyes open slowly. He WHISPERS a single word-

BOWIE
Ursula.

105 EXT. MEXICAN CAMP - NIGHT 105

Jesús is wakened gently by the Sargento, who immediately puts a finger to his lips. All around him soldiers are preparing for battle- tightening belts, loading weapons, kneeling for their last prayers- all without uttering a word-

Hundreds of men get ready, the Alamo seemingly asleep in the distance under the MOONLIGHT-

ALAMO WALLS

We TRACK past several Texians, exhausted, sprawled next to their loaded rifles on the parapet, dead asleep-

COS COLUMN

Jesús falls into step with the hundreds of men approaching the fort from the north. They step carefully, silently-

General Cos watches, revenge and redemption on his mind-

106 INT. CHAPEL - MEN - NIGHT 106

Crockett and his Tennesseans sit with their backs against the chapel walls, faces bathed in eerie CANDLELIGHT, sleeping-

107 EXT. FORT 107

Jesús walks among the MILITIA in the column of General Cós, a hundred other militiamen and two hundred uniformed FUSILIERS with him heading for the NORTHWEST CORNER of the Alamo. Ten LADDERS, a couple men with CROWBARS and AXES-

The men of Colonel DUQUE'S COLUMN, four hundred strong, also with ten LADDERS, peel off from behind the Cós column and head for the center of the recently-scaffolded NORTH WALL-

Three hundred RIFLEMEN under Colonel Romero approach from the northeast, heading for the LOW WALLS of the CATTLE PEN and HORSE CORRAL, carrying six LADDERS-

One hundred RIFLEMEN under Morales move from the south toward the low PALISADE by the CHAPEL, lugging two LADDERS-

We see FEET marching forward almost silently, in boots, shoes, sandals-

The SHADOWS of a multitude of SOLDIERS move across the ground. We TILT UP- the Alamo walls loom closer, closer-

Grimes sleeps in a little DUG-OUT position twenty yards from the Alamo walls. A HAND covers his mouth, his eyes pop open as a BAYONET is rammed into his chest-

The miltiamen move forward silently. Jesús is terrified, his face drawn tight in the MOONLIGHT. The MAN beside him can't contain himself anymore, suddenly SHOUTING-

NERVOUS SOLDIER
¡Viva Santa Anna!

ANOTHER VOICE calls out from Duque's column to the left-

VOICE
¡Viva la República!

Suddenly men are YELLING from all sides of the fort and RUNNING, Jesús swept up in it as they are running out of ranks toward the walls!

PARAPET - ENSIGN BAUGH

Baugh sprints toward the OFFICER'S QUARTERS-

BAUGH
Colonel Travis! They're coming!

108 INT. TRAVIS' ROOM 108

Travis wakes at his desk, Joe leaps off his cot, both grabbing a weapon. They rush out and we HOLD on the unfinished LETTER-

PARAPET, TRAVIS

He races toward the NORTH WALL, crossing past Baugh, shouting-

TRAVIS
Come on boys! The Mexicans are upon us! We'll give them hell!

Bonham, Almeron Dickenson and the rest of the crew wake and spring up behind their cannons on the CHAPEL PLATFORM-

Crockett and his bunch run out from the chapel toward the PALISADE-

TEXIANS come sprinting out of the doorways of the LONG BARRACKS, rifles in hand, spreading out in four directions to their stations-

COS COLUMN, JESÚS

Running toward the wall, closer, closer- BLAM! SCREAMS as the first round of CANNISTER SHOT rips through the tightly-packed militiamen, Jesús sprayed with BLOOD as men all around him go down! POP! POP! POP! POP! The Texian RIFLES begin to take their toll. Jesús is swept back as men in front of him turn to run but there is the Sargento and a half dozen of his counterparts flailing at the men with their STAFFS, driving them toward the wall-

SARGENTO
¡Adelante! ¡Adelante, cobardes, adelante!

Jesús is pushed forward now, and with many of the men begins to sprint for the shelter of the base of the wall-

CHAPEL PLATFORM

We look past the cannons as BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! they fire down into the Romero column, the front lines of the attackers blown off their feet-

BLAM! The cannon mounted at the corner of the CATTLE PEN blasts the Romero men from the other side, a SOLID BALL cutting a diagonal swath through the running soldiers.

Texian RIFLEMEN unloose a VOLLEY into the now confused mass. The whole column veers north, where BOOM! BOOM! the CHAPEL CANNON blast them again from above-

POP! POP! POP! POP! POP! POP! Crockett and his men FIRE into the advancing Morales column, men falling left and right and BLAM! The single CANNON FIRES, levelling a dozen Mexican soldiers and turning the column west toward the GATE-

JESÚS

Jesús is sprinting, sprinting, men falling on all sides, he is SCREAMING without knowing it and KABLAM! a cannon unloads and half the men to the left are SHREDDED by cannister! He keeps sprinting, finally slamming against the base of the wall with the Sargento and a dozen other survivors-

NORTH WALL PLATFORM

Travis shouts orders to the cannoneers as he rushes to the edge of the NORTH WALL with his shotgun-

TRAVIS
Tilt the cannon! Keep them off the walls!

He leans out over the wall and BLAM! FIRES his shotgun down-

JESUS, MEN

The Sargento and a man beside him are BLASTED to the ground, as Jesús FIRES up over his head without aiming, panicked-

TRAVIS

-SPAT! The ball hits Travis square in the forehead, knocking him back head-over-heels down the ramp! He rolls to a stop at the feet of Joe, just arriving. Joe kneels, turns him over- Travis stares with lifeless eyes, a thread of blood running from the hole in his forehead. Joe stands, takes a few bold steps up the ramp, stops-- he looks around at the shouting, shooting DEFENDERS on the walls around him, then gently lays his shotgun down and backs toward the shelter of the long barracks-

JESÚS, MEN

Jesús fumbles to reload his musket as three dozen men now hug the base of the wall, Texians FIRING down into them. Jesús spills powder, drops his musket ball- the OFFICER beside him SCREAMING back toward the troops who are running around the corner toward the west wall-

OFFICER (Spanish)
The ladders! Bring us the ladders!

DUQUE COLUMN

Colonel Duque's men, losing momentum, slow down fifty yards from the north wall-

COLONEL DUQUE (Spanish)
Volley formation!

The front row of his ragged lines drop to one knee, aiming through the heavy GUNSMOKE, the men behind them standing to aim over them-

COLONEL DUQUE
¡Fuego!

BA-BA-BA-BAM! They unleash a VOLLEY at the north wall-

JESÚS, MEN

Several of the men with Jesús are HIT in the volley, BALLS RICOCHETING off the wall by his head. Jesús throws himself on the ground as the Officer SCREAMS toward Duque's column-

OFFICER
¡No disparen! ¡No disparen!

BA-BA-BA-BLAM! A second VOLLEY cuts him down!

PALISADE

Crockett and his men FIRE at the Morales column soldiers as they run to the right, OFFICERS cursing and striking the men-

MORALES COLUMN

The men run parallel to the fort, only a few pausing to FIRE up at the walls. Their ranks are thinned by constant RIFLE FIRE and BLAM! BLAM! the CANNON guarding the main gate tear into them as they pass, heading for the southwest corner and KABOOM! the 18-pounder has been swung around and FIRES into the mass of them, BODIES FLYING through the air!

WEST WALL

BLAM! the Navy gun FIRES out through its hole in the wall but immediately a half-dozen SOLDIERS, their backs against the wall, wheel and FIRE their muskets into the hole-

OTHER SIDE OF WALL

The two TEXIANS operating the gun are blown back-

HOLE, MEXICANS

One of the men begins to chop at the hole with an AX, widening it-

WEST WALL

The Texians on top of the west wall have to expose themselves to get a shot off and are starting to FALL under the massed musket fire, leaving undefended gaps of several yards-

NORTH WALL

Texians push LADDERS away from the edge with their rifle butts or FIRE down at the climbing Mexicans, but each time another is thrown up to take its place. The MUSKET FIRE is heaviest here, defenders going down left and right as they are exposed-

Young Wiley smashes a Mexican trooper off the wall with his rifle butt, then BLAM! is shot point-blank in the face!

JESÚS

Jesús and dozens of other men are climbing up the scaffolding that supports the north wall, BLAM! men are shot and fall off whenever a Texian can lean over to fire-

AMADOR - RESERVES

General Juan Amador raises his sword to wave forward his reserves, only a hundred yards back from the north wall-

AMADOR
¡Adelante!

FOUR HUNDRED SOLDIERS respond, shouting, running forward toward the remnants of the Cos and Duque columns still struggling to scale the wall-

WALL

Baugh looks past the struggle just in front of him to the WAVE of charging RESERVES. He has less then a dozen men left on the north wall-

BAUGH
Fall back! Spike the cannons!

Immediately the surviving defenders fall back to the central ramp, FIRING, parrying BAYONET THRUSTS as the Mexicans start to breach the walls in twos and threes, then turning to RUN for the buildings in the courtyard-

SOUTHWEST CORNER - CANNON

Jameson sees the Mexicans behind them-

JAMESON
They're over the wall! Turn it around!

The CREW struggles to turn the big cannon around-

At the PALISADE Crockett hears, turns-

HUNDREDS of MEXICAN SOLDIERS are streaming over the NORTH WALL now, coming down the ramps!

CROCKETT
Behind us!

The men turn and begin to FIRE almost without aiming into the throng of invaders, reloading frantically-

18-POUNDER

Turned around now- KABOOM!

The Mexicans are driven back against the base of the wall as the artillery finds its mark!

BLAM! BLAM! Bonham and Almeron Dickenson are FIRING their CHAPEL GUNS into the courtyard as well-

Jesús is pinned against the base of the inside wall by a crush of dozen of bodies- BLAM! A CANNONBALL slams through the massed men and into the wall beside him, taking pieces of soldiers flying with it!

JACALES - SOUTHWEST CORNER

The remnants of the Morales column, sheltered in a group of half-collapsed jacales, see that the big guns are turned around and CHARGE SCREAMING toward them-

HIGH ANGLE SHOT

We see the whole layout from high above, Mexicans streaming in over the north wall, over and through the west wall, up and over the lunette at the main gate, into the cattle pen-

Ground level- MEXICAN TROOPS stream over the CATTLE PEN and FIRE at the Texians still in the HORSE CORRAL, HORSES WHINNYING and running in circles, LEAPING over the low walls-

We FOLLOW a half-dozen TEXIANS as they clamber over the wall and run with the panicked horses toward the swampy THICKET behind the chapel. One, two, three of them are cut down from behind by MUSKET FIRE, the others veering left as a squadron of LANCERS gallops toward them. Another goes down under horse's hooves and another is impaled by a lance. The last man reaches the thicket and tries to evade a trio of lancers who ride rings around him, herding him like a stray calf, horse hoofs SPLASHING in the swampy ground, lancers YIPPING with excitement. Finally the man dives into a tangle of spiny thicket, tries to crawl in deep, but is almost immediately PINIONED by a pair of lances, SCREAMING as he is pierced again and again-

SOUTHWEST CORNER

KABOOM! The 18-pounder is fired one last time, then PA-PA-PA-POW! a VOLLEY of musket fire cuts the TEXIAN CREW down from behind. LADDERS appear on the wall and MEXICAN SOLDIERS climb over, pushing the dead bodies of the Texians off the cannon and swinging it toward the CHAPEL-

HUNDREDS of Mexicans are inside the COURTYARD now, spreading out, FIRING into the buildings along the west wall and at the Texians holed up in the long barracks-

INSIDE the LONG BARRACKS men fire out through the loopholes, constant MUSKET FIRE WHAPPING the wall and ZINGING through openings into the GUNSMOKE-filled room-

Joe sits on a cot in the corner of one barracks room, dully watching the cursing Texians FIRE through their loopholes. He repeats over and over, softly-

JOE
Me naygro- yo soy naygro-

OUTSIDE Crockett and a dozen men FIRE at the enemy as they move sideways, most but not all making it into the SANDBAG-fortified front ENTRY of the CHAPEL-

Wiley stumbles into the INFIRMARY, his SCREAM MUFFLED as he holds what is left of his jaw in blood-smeared hands. Susanna Dickenson rushes to help him-

JESÚS

Face BLACKENED with powder, shirt flecked with BLOOD, Jesús is able to load his musket again and FIRE in through a window of one of the WEST WALL BUILDINGS-

The Mexicans have turned several CANNON to aim at the LONG BARRACKS- BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

INSIDE ROOM - LONG BARRACKS

CRASH! A huge chunk of wall comes flying in, taking a few men with it as a cannonball strikes-

LOOPHOLE - LONG BARRACKS

A rifle barrel with a WHITE RAG tied to it is poked out through a loophole-

A half-dozen Mexicans step toward it- BA-BA-BA-BAM! They are cut down by RIFLE FIRE from other Texians not yet willing to surrender-

The Subteniente, next to Jesús, screams out-

SUBTENIENTE (Spanish)
Kill them! Kill them all!

BOOM! Another CANNON BLAST makes a breach in the long barracks wall and hundreds of Mexican soldiers rush forward, sweeping Jesús along with them-

SEVERAL SHOTS as the rooms of the long barracks are rushed by the wave of Mexicans, the defenders at the doors overwhelmed, Mexicans flooding in to the SMOKE-filled rooms, shooting, stabbing, screaming with blood-lust as the Texians fight back with knives, rifle butts, fists, feet, teeth-

A TEXIAN leaps at Jesús as he is pushed into a room, Jesús instinctively raising his rifle to IMPALE the man with his BAYONET, the man continuing to SCREAM and pummel Jesús with a pistol butt, pinning him against the wall-

INFIRMARY

A few wounded men FIRE their PISTOLS as Mexicans rush into the infirmary, clubbing and bayonetting everyone in sight-

Susanna, dress already soaked with blood, holds Wiley's head in her lap, SCREAMING as the invaders bayonet him again and again-

CHAPEL ROOF

Anthony Wolfe grabs his son up in his arms and LEAPS from the chapel roof just before a trio of Mexican soldiers reach them-

Bonham and Almeron Dickenson are riddled with GUN FIRE from every direction, Bonham falling draped over a cannon and Almeron blown back, rolling down the ramp into the-

-CHAPEL, rolling down to lodge against the legs of one of the Tennesseans FIRING out over the sandbag entrenchment-

CROCKETT
Powder!

AUTRY
I got nothing left, Davy!

DANIEL CLOUD
Me neither-

SOUTHWEST CORNER - 18-POUNDER

KA-BOOM! The 18-pounder is FIRED down at the CHAPEL ENTRANCE, blowing sandbags apart-

William Patton and several others are blown back, the rest ducking behind what's left of the barricade!

Crockett kneels by Patton, who is dying. Davy's arm is bleeding, shredded-

CROCKETT
Will-

PATTON
They've killed me.

CROCKETT
I'm real sorry I got you into this-

Patton just looks into his eyes, startled. He dies. Crockett turns-

WHAM! A CONCUSSION as another CANNON BLAST hits the remnants of the barricade, sandbags and other debris flying!

SICK ROOM

Bowie lies semi-conscious in his bed, breathing hard, beginning to MOAN as he shudders through a fever-dream. A half-dozen Mexican SOLDIERS rush into the sick room-

SOLDADO (Spanish)
There's one hiding here!

Bowie's eyes open in horror as the men ram their BAYONETS home, one with a PISTOL stepping close- BLAM!

HIGH ANGLE - COURTYARD

We look down from the southeast corner as the throng of MEXICAN TROOPS in the courtyard slaughter the Texians they drag out of the rooms of the various buildings. Several dozen face the front of the chapel, aiming their muskets-

GROUND LEVEL - MEXICANS

The Subteniente shouts the order to fire-

SUBTENIENTE
¡Fuego!

BA-BA-BA-BA-BAM! A tremendous VOLLEY!

INSIDE CHAPEL

Musket balls scream through the blasted front opening of the chapel, ricocheting off the walls. The defenders, dead and alive, are all down on the floor-

David Crockett, wounded but still alive, lifts his head. Only desultory GUN FIRE and the MOANS of the WOUNDED come from outside now-

The whole front of the chapel is filled with GUNSMOKE, obscuring the Mexicans outside-

Crockett and five other men rise, all wounded. A dozen DEAD TEXIANS lay at their feet. The men wield their rifles as clubs, brandish knives- one has only a chunk of stone in hand to fight with. They peer into the roiling SMOKE, waiting for the inevitable-

The other SOUNDS FADE AWAY and we are left only with their ragged BREATHING-

Crockett is smeared with gunpowder and blood, hatless, waiting. We TIGHTEN on his face as we hear-

ACTOR (V.O.)
I'm a ring-tailed roarer. I'm half cyclone, half snappin turtle with a dash of wolverine on my Mama's side. I can holler a polecat out of a hickory tree, drink a Dutchman under the table and swaller a draft mule in one gulp if you butter his head and pin his ears back. I can run further, climb higher and dive deeper than any critter on two legs and most with four.

The SMOKE begins to CLEAR--

ACTOR (O.S.)
I set up a holler on the day I was born and people been hearin its echo ever day since-----

We hear APPLAUSE which is quickly drowned out as fifty SCREAMING MEXICANS charge through the smoke, swords AND BAYONETS in hand. The SCREEN goes RED-

109 EXT. ALAMO - HIGH ANGLE - DAY 109

We DESCEND into the hell of the courtyard, BODIES of Mexicans and Texians everywhere, many SMOLDERING from close-range gun blasts, a few with their clothes still ON FIRE. WOUNDED MEXICANS scream out for help while others kick and club and stab at the dead Texians again and again, unhinged with fury. Joe is pushed out into the courtyard by a pair of soldiers as we reach ground level, hands over his head, pleading-

JOE
Yo soy naygro, me naygro, no disparro!

He is shoved past Jesús, who sits on the ground with dead bodies all around, musket beside him, WEEPING uncontrollably-

Santa Anna strolls in through the open front gate with Escobar taking notes on one side of him and Almonte on the other. The General is seemingly unfazed by the carnage around him-

ALMONTE (Spanish)
It's a massacre.

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
These are only chickens. Much blood has been shed, but now the battle is over. It was no great matter.

Joe is driven before them. He is scared, certain he'll be killed like the others-

JOE
Me naygro- me no disparro-

Santa Anna lays a hand on his shoulder to calm him-

SANTA ANNA
Tranquilo, mi amigo. Te hemos libertado-

ALMONTE (translating)
Don't worry- we have made you free.

SANTA ANNA
Dígale que quisiera ver a los famosos-

ALMONTE
The General wishes to see the famous ones-

SANTA ANNA
-Croque, Travis, y el fanfurrón Buy.

ALMONTE
-Crockett, Travis, and the great bragger Bowie.

JOE
Yes sir. I can show you Colonel Travis.

He waves them toward the north wall. Santa Anna follows, as Susanna Dickenson, carrying her daughter Angelina, brought out into the courtyard, appearing to be in shock as she steps over and around bodies. The Subteniente, in charge of them, calls out to Almonte-

SUBTENIENTE (Spanish)
What do we do with her?

ALMONTE (Spanish)
The General will decide.

SUBTENIENTE (exhilerated, Spanish)
A great victory.

ALMONTE
Claro.

Almonte looks around at the carnage, mutters to himself-

ALMONTE (Spanish)
Another victory like this and we'll all go to the devil.

SANTA ANNA, COS

The Napoleon of the West stares down at the stiffening BODY of William Barret Travis, as his brother-in-law Cos, still shaking from the battle, surveys the dozens of DEAD and WOUNDED MEXICAN TROOPERS around them. Joe stands to one side, nervous as passing soldiers glare at him-

GENERAL COS (Spanish)
My boys have been slaughtered! The wounded- we have no surgeons-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
They fought like men- they'll die like men.

He turns as the eager Subteniente hurries up-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
Burn the *gringos*. All of them.
(to Joe)
Show me Bowie.

Joe leads the General back across the courtyard and the Subteniente turns to a PRIVATE who is kneeling beside the BODY of one of the defenders- Gregorio Esparza.

SUBTENIENTE (Spanish)
You heard the General!

PRIVATE ESPARZA (Spanish)
We're not burning this one.

SUBTENIENTE (Spanish)
And why not?

PRIVATE ESPARZA (Spanish)
Because he's my brother.

We begin to RISE UP over the Alamo-

JOE (V.O.)
They piled up all the Texians and set fire to em. Their own dead-

110 EXT. SAN ANTONIO RIVER - DAY 110

We see BLOOD flowing into the water of the shallow river-

JOE (V.O.)
-mostly got throwed into the river.

A few bloody BODIES float past-

111 EXT. SICK ROOM - JOE 111

We see past Santa Anna and other OFFICERS gawking at the blood-smeared wall above Bowie's bed, his body obscured from our view-

JOE (V.O.)
They let Mrs. Dickenson loose so's she could spread the word about what happened. And me-

We PAN to see Joe, deadpan, obediently standing outside the door, watching a half-dozen frightened Yucatan INDIANS hauling dead Texians away-

JOE (V.O.)
-they told me every man was free in the Republic of Mexico.

112 EXT. GONZALES ROAD - SEGUÍN AND HORSEMEN - DAY 112

Juan Seguín leads his small band of Tejanos at a canter, watchful in every direction. He holds up his hand to HALT-

The men behind him pull up their horses, seeing on the horizon-

BLACK SMOKE rises into the sky ahead in the distance, DOZENS of VULTURES wheeling around it-

The Tejanos look grimly at the rising smoke-

MENCHACA (Spanish)
I don't hear shooting.

SEGUÍN (Spanish)
It's all over.

113 EXT. GONZALES - DAY 113

Matt drills with a few hundred TEXIANS as TOWNSPEOPLE look on, Henry Karnes running them through their paces. Houston, dressed in a mix of Indian, Texian and Mexican styles, observes from his huge WHITE STALLION-

KARNES
Left- left- left- left- tighten that interval dammit!

Matt proudly marches, rifle over his shoulder-

MATT (V.O.)
When we got to Gonzales a couple of Juan Seguín's men were there saying the Alamo had been taken by the Mexicans.

Houston takes a sniff of HARTSHORN from a little vial-

MATT (V.O.)
General Houston had em arrested as spies, but he sent Deef Smith out to see for sure.

KARNES
Column halt! About--- face!

The men turn 180 degrees. They see something ahead-

Karnes gapes as he sees-

-Deaf Smith leading Susanna and Angelina Dickenson down the street, a knot of TOWNSPEOPLE already moving alongside them. One PANICKED MAN runs ahead, SHOUTING-

PANICKED MAN
They're all dead! They took the Alamo an kilt ever one of em!

CRIES OF DESPAIR from the WOMEN OF GONZALES who were watching the drill, widows now-

The soldiers break rank, confused and angry. Matt just can't believe it-

We TIGHTEN on Sam Houston's face as he hears-

HOUSTON (horrified)
All of our men- murdered?!

DEAF SMITH
If anyone got clear, I sure couldn't find em. The Mexicans is on the move, comin this way-

More OUTCRIES of shock and panic, townspeople running toward their houses-

KARNES
What do we do now, General?

Houston doesn't respond. He expected casualties, surrender- but not this-

KARNES
General?

HOUSTON (softly)
Get the civilians together and put them in the baggage wagons.

Houston seems to snap out of it, shouting orders now

HOUSTON (softly)
Sergeant Foster, take a detail and sink those cannon in the river! We're moving out immediately!

The General wheels his horse around-

HOUSTON
Burn whatever you can't carry! With haste, gentlemen!

114 EXT. CABIN - DAY 114

A Texian MOTHER throws the last few belongings onto a rickety wagon with her three tow-headed CHILDREN as in the BG her husband sets a torch to their dog-trot cabin-

MATT (V.O.)
News of the Alamo thrown the whole countryside into a panic. What you couldn't carry you burnt and what you couldn't burn-

We PAN to see a line of Mexican DRAGOONS approaching on the horizon line-

MATT (V.O)
-the Mexicans was happy to make use of.

115 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY 115

We start on a trail of DISCARDED BAGGAGE that litters a wagon-rut road, TILTING UP as it leads us to a hundred REFUGEES moving away from us, in ox-carts, on horseback, on foot-

MATT (V.O)
We put all of Gonzales to the torch and then General Houston had us retreat towards the Colorado River-

ARMY COLUMN

Houston and his ragged army pass us over unbroken ground, mostly on foot, an ox-drawn AMMUNITION WAGON at the rear-

MATT (V.O.)
-which commenced what folks call the Runaway Scrape. It were a dark day for the Republic.

Deaf Smith, Juan Seguín and several VAQUEROS ride into the shot, looking behind them constantly, serving as a rear guard. BLACK SMOKE rises in the sky behind them-

116 EXT. MUDDY WOODS - MATT, TEXIAN ARMY - DAY 116

RAIN. Matt slogs through the muck in a sparse stand of TREES with the other DISPIRITED MEN, heads down, soaked to the bone-

MATT (V.O.)
It begun to rain, which made for slow goin and wet powder-

RIVER BANK - GENERAL COS

General Cos, none too happy, stares ahead at a WIDE, SWOLLEN RIVER that looks uncrossable. His TROOPS are ranged behind him, equally miserable-

MATT (V.O.)
-but it slowed Santa Anna's folks down too.

117 EXT. TEXIAN CAMP - EVENING 117

Matt works with other weary SOLDIERS in a clearing in the woods, listlessly putting up their FIELD TENTS. The men glare as Houston passes on his horse, supervising the work-

MATT (V.O)
There was some thought the General could have headed off the massacre and that we was crazy to be followin him.

Two dozen grim-lipped TEXIANS walk through in the opposite direction, carrying rifles, nodding here and there to people they know-

MATT (V.O.)
But all along the way more men come to join us, a lot of em old-time settlers who'd sat out the fight so far. 'Santa Anna gone pay for that Alamo' is what they said.

118 EXT. GOLIAD MISSION - DAY 118

Dozens of bedraggled-looking Texians march toward us through the sally port of the Goliad mission. None are armed-

MATT (V.O.)
Colonel Fannin finally marched his men out of Goliad, trying to join us.

RIVERSIDE

More Texians- guarded by MEXICAN SOLDIERS in PARADE DRESS- trudge alongside the RIVER-

MATT (V.O.)
They got caught in the open and took a licking and surrendered, thinking they'd be shipped back to America. But Santa Anna had other plans for em.

The Mexicans all shift to one side of the Texians-

MATT (V.O.)
On Palm Sunday they was marched out-

The Mexicans halt, raise their muskets BA-BA-BA-BA-BA-BA-BAM! A VOLLEY cuts down the surprised Texians, a few trying to rush down to the river! These are chased and BAYONETTED-

MATT (V.O.)
-and shot dead. Colonel Fannin asked for a Christian burial-

119 GOLIAD MISSION COURTYARD 119

In the mission courtyard WOUNDED TEXIANS are being carried out two by two, sat in front of a blood-spattered wall, and executed.

MATT (V.O)
-and to pass his belongins back to his folks.

In the FG Fannin sits blindfolded tied in a chair, his wound not allowing him to stand. He is handing his POCKET WATCH to the OFFICER in charge. The Officer signals- BLAM! a trio of MUSKETMEN shoot Fannin almost point-blank the face! The Officer looks at the watch, sticks it in his breast pocket-

MATT (V.O.)
He didn't get neither.

120 EXT. SAN FELIPE STREET - DAY 120

Deserted San Felipe. The shacks are now SMOLDERING RUINS. A lone HOG roots through the debris for scraps-

MATT (V.O.)
We kept runnin back through San Felipe and burnt that, and our new government-

121 EXT. GALVESTON BAY ROWBOAT - DAY 121

A pair of WOODEN BOATS carrying Burnet, Robinson, Lorenzo de Zavala, Henry Smith, a few WOMEN and some DELEGATES we've seen before, are frantically rowed out toward a low island-

MATT (V.O.)
-run all the way to Galveston Island.

122 EXT. ROAD - DAY 122

A party of twenty more NEWCOMERS step through the trees to join the main column-

MATT (V.O)
Men that hadn't been in Texas moren a few weeks commenced to join up, men that hadn't never been to Béxar nor Goliad but knew they wanted revenge.

CROSSROADS

We shoot past Houston on his stallion waiting at a CROSSROADS. The TEXIAN ARMY marches toward him-

MATT (V.O)
The General give us marchin orders to turn north for Nacogdoches, and maybe from there cross the border to lay low in the U.S. for a spell.

The men at head of the column reach Houston and defiantly turn right, despite Karnes who futilely waves them in the opposite direction-

MATT (V.O)
But our feet had other ideas.

Plenty of muttering and dirty looks directed toward the General as the men pass-

MATT **(V.O)**
The fellas said if Houston didn't have the stomach to fight, they'd do it without him. It was close to mutiny, and whatever the General thought about it-

Houston cuts himself a chaw of tobacco with his whittling knife, sticks it in his jaw, face revealing no emotion-

MATT (V.O.)
-he kept it to himself.

123 EXT. TEXIAN CAMP, BUFFALO BAYOU WOODS - EVENING 123

The Texians have camped in a stand of huge OAK TREES hanging with Spanish moss. Tents are set up and most of the men are cleaning their rifles in hopes of battle-

MATT (V.O.)
We were at Lynch's Ferry by the San Jacinto River-

Deaf Smith rides in with a captured COURIER, hands tied behind him, his horse bearing a familiar-looking SADDLE-

MATT (V.O.)
-when Deef Smith brung in a fella he'd captured-

COMMAND TENT - SMITH, HOUSTON, MEN

Men crowd around as Juan Seguín interrogates the frightened Courier, who sees nothing but murderous Texians around him-

SEGUÍN (Spanish)
How many men does Santa Anna have?

COURIER
Más que setecientos. Y el General Cos nos va a reunir con quinientos más.

HOUSTON (understands)
Over a thousand if Cos reaches him.

Matt is off to the side a bit, examining the SADDLEBAGS on the Courier's horse-

DEAF SMITH (O.S.)
¿Artilería?

COURIER (O.S.)
Nomás que un cañón-

MATT
Hey General-

The men look toward Matt, surprised to be interrupted-

MATT
I seen these saddlebags before.

Houston steps close to look-

The saddlebags are monogrammed- 'W. B. TRAVIS'-

HOUSTON
Travis--

COURIER (terrified)
¡Mi no Alamo!

The surrounding Texians press a little closer, glaring-

HOUSTON
Kindly ask the gentleman where he last saw General Santa Anna's troops.

124 EXT. TEXIAN CAMP, BUFFALO BAYOU - NIGHT 124

Matt walks past the resting MEN around their CAMPFIRES. Two of the more impatient officers, SIDNEY SHERMAN and MOSELY BAKER, have fifty or more men gathered around them-

BAKER
The Big Drunk hasn't stood and fought yet, even when the odds've been in our favor. What makes you think he'll fight now?

SHERMAN
He orders retreat tomorrow and that tears it. Any of you men want to do what you joined up for and kill Mexicans, you just follow us-

Matt passes on. J.C. NEILL and his artillery CREW are readying their two six-pounders for action-

NEILL
We haven't tried this powder, boys. I know it's been wet, but go easy on the first load.

Matt continues, passing Juan Seguín, Antonio Menchaca and the rest of the twenty-odd TEJANOS in camp. They sit around their fire as Seguín passes out PLAYING CARDS-

SEGUÍN (Spanish)
If we get into a fight our men may start shooting any Mexican they see. Put one of these on your hat-

MENCHACA (Spanish)
One on the front and one on the back-

Matt continues till he sees Houston outside his command tent, a LANTERN lighting the recently-drawn MAP he is studying-

Houston looks like a zen chess master trying to intuit some secret from the contours of the landscape. He glances up and sees Matt watching him-

HOUSTON
Good evening, private.

MATT
Evenin, General.

HOUSTON
Come on over.

Matt steps into the light. Houston indicates the map-

HOUSTON (quoting)
'Give me where to stand, and I will move the earth!'

MATT
I'm glad we're up away from the skeeters.

HOUSTON
How old are you, son?

MATT
Sixteen-

HOUSTON (nods)
I was about that age when I abandoned the hearth. Gathered my small bundle of literature and crossed the river to dwell among the Cherokee.
(he smiles wistfully)
'Halcyon days--'

MATT
That took some nerve I bet.

HOUSTON
And a rather outsized opinion of myself.

Matt stands before the General, uneasy-

HOUSTON (haltingly)
I know- that a lot of the men believe I could have done something to save those men in the Alamo.

MATT
Some do.

HOUSTON (nods)
And you?

MATT (on the spot)
I'm just a private, sir-

HOUSTON
Who has never tasted battle.

MATT
No, sir.

Houston thinks for a moment, recalling-

HOUSTON
I was- wounded in the Red Stick campaign-

MATT
The Battle of Horseshoe Bend.

HOUSTON (nods)
Wounds that have not healed to this day. Battle- is a terrible thing. One can only move forward, ever forward- and trust in Providence. And if you are chosen for sacrifice--

MATT
Yes, sir.

He focusses again on Matt-

HOUSTON
Do you know what we're fighting for?

MATT
Sir?

HOUSTON
We're fighting for Texas! Texas could be- it could be the place where all our ideals are brought to fruition. The place where all our sins are washed away---

Houston trails off, Matt trying to make sense of it-

MATT
That's an awful tall order, General. Most of us is just- you know- fellas.

HOUSTON (smiles)
'There is strength in the union of even very sorry men.'

125 EXT. SAVANNAH GRASS - NIGHT 125

Deaf Smith and Henry Karnes pop their heads up from the tall savannah grass, watching-

Just down the hill from them we see the CAMPFIRES of a large MEXICAN CAMP. TIME PASSES quickly as the SKY LIGHTENS to DAWN. We hear TROOPS MOVING IN-

126 EXT. MEXICAN CAMP - DAWN 126

Jesús, now wearing a hand-me-down UNIFORM, and an extremely fatigued COLUMN of SOLDIERS under General Cos march into the Mexican camp. SANTA ANNA's MEN are relaxing- their ARMS STACKED, cutting wood, cooking breakfast, CAVALRYMEN grooming their horses, coatless in the early morning sun. Oxen graze unhitched from their wagons. An OFFICER calls out to the SUBTENIENTE at the head of Jesús' platoon-

OFFICER (Spanish)
Welcome to the chase. You look worn out.

SUBTENIENTE (Spanish)
We marched through the night. Where can we put up our tents?---

OFFICER (Spanish)
You can sleep in ours. Nothing's happening.

SUBTENIENTE (calls to platoon)
¡Tropa parada! Aquí vivacuamos.

The men fall out, too tired to do anything but slump to the ground. The SOLDADO next to Jesús looks around, troubled, seeing the boggy ground and shallow LAKE behind them-

SOLDADO (Spanish)
What are we doing in a swamp?

COMMAND TENT - COS AND SANTA ANNA

The Supreme General greets his brother-in-law-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
A splendid march! Now those thieves won't dare attack.

GENERAL COS (dog-tired, Spanish)
Is there any coffee left?

127 EXT. TEXIAN CAMP - DAY 127

Texian soldiers mutter and glare as Sam Houston walks between formed ranks. They've been standing there for a long time. Houston gives no sign of his intentions as he mounts his horse. He looks his gathered troops over-

The 'deserter' behind Matt is out of patience-

U.S. SOLDIER
He orders another retreat won't nobody follow him.

Houston waits till he has everyone's absolute attention-

HOUSTON
Gentlemen-- the hour is at hand.

128 EXT. SAVANNAH - DAY 128

We CRANE UP over the semi-tropical LONG GRASS, revealing Sam Houston up on his white stallion, dressed for battle, leading four columns of TEXIANS forward. A team pulls the two 6-pound CANNON at the center of one column, and to the far left Texian HORSEMEN ride parallel through a STAND OF TREES-

Matt moves forward, nervous, excited-

Houston raises his hand to HALT-

The Texians halt on top of a slight hill-

We shoot past the front row of Texians down the hill, CRANING UP to see a low BARRICADE of pack saddles and camp equipment that marks the edge of the Mexican encampment-

J.C. Neill and his crew turn the two cannon around-

Matt waits, nervous-

Juan Seguín and twenty TEJANOS stand ready. Each has at least one playing card pinned to his hat. Menchaca, taking no chances, has a half-dozen-

Henry Karnes and Ed Burleson, who were there to take Béxar, wait for the order-

The Texians are a mixed bunch- a few 'deserters' in U.S. Army uniforms, buckskinned frontiersmen, desert rats, townspeople, land speculators, a few free black men, spiffily-uniformed volunteers from New Orleans and Kentucky, old men, smooth-faced boys, men with beards and fur caps- all waiting-

Houston makes one signal and a four-man FIFE AND DRUM CORPS begin to play the lilting *Come to the Bower.* He signals again-

BLAM! BLAM! Neill's cannon speak, and things go flying on the Mexican barricade!

HOUSTON
Forward, men! Steady now-

The Texians start walking forward. There is a POPPING of MUSKET FIRE from the Mexican position, balls riffling through the grass around them. The men walk closer, closer-

HOUSTON
Volley formation!

The front row of men kneel and aim, the men behind aiming over their shoulders-

HOUSTON
Fire!

BA-BA-BA-BA-BA-BA-BAM! The VOLLEY rips into the few MEXICAN DEFENDERS who peek over the barricade to fire-

HOUSTON
Resume advance! Steady-

Matt gets up from his knee, nervously reloading as he walks-

Houston looks down the line of his troops, uneven now as the Mexican musket fire begins to find its mark-

HOUSTON
Forward, gentlemen, forward- and remember the Alamo!

The TEXIAN next to Matt picks up the cry-

SNOPES
Remember the Alamo!

The CRY is taken up by the whole line as they break rank and charge forward, WHOOPING, drawing out knives and tomahawks-

TEXIANS
Remember the Alamo! Remember Goliad!

Matt is swept forward with the mass of them-

Houston struggles to control his mount as the men rush SCREAMING past him-

HOUSTON
Form ranks! Form ranks! Discipline, men, discipline!

PASSING TEXIAN
Outa the way, General!

HOUSTON
Damn your manners!

Houston pulls out his pistol, spurs his horse forward into battle-

BARRICADE

The Texians fly over the barricade like it wasn't there, butting, shooting, chopping, stabbing at the meager force on duty up front-

General Castrillón desperately tries to push the CREW back to the Mexicans' single CANNON-

GENERAL CASTRILLÓN
¡A sus posiciones, soldados! ¡Coraje!

But the terrified men bolt and run, leaving him alone by the cannon to face the tide of enemies. He calmly raises a pistol but is RIDDLED with Texian GUNFIRE. The Texians rush past, whooping, a few stopping to turn the cannon around toward the Mexicans-

SNOPES
No quarter! Kill em all!

Matt races through the Mexican camp. WHAP! He swings his rifle like a baseball bat, knocking down a Mexican SOLDIER trying to get a shot off. His rifle broken in two, he continues running with the others, scooping up a discarded MUSKET with attached BAYONET. BAM! A Mexican OFFICE fires a PISTOL at him point blank, the FLASH burning and blackening his cheek. The man behind him bayonets the officer and Matt keeps running, dazed-

TENTS

Half-undressed, bleary-eyed new arrivals crawl out of their tents as they hear the RUCKUS at the other end of camp. Jesús is barefoot, shirtless, the suspenders of his ragged uniform pants drooping-

SOLDADO
¡Vienen los gringos!

Jesús and the others rush for their stacked weapons-

MELEE - HOUSTON

Houston wheels about on his stallion, saber drawn, as Texians run every whichway around him, intent on slaughter-

HOUSTON
Regroup, men! We'll be outflanked!

WHAP! A musket ball slams into his ankle, BLOOD SPRAYING! Houston ROARS in pain as WHAP! WHAP! the stallion is hit twice and goes down, Houston rolling away from it and immediately hopping up on one foot-

HOUSTON
Regroup!

BLAM! Houston draws his pistol and shoots a Mexican soldier charging him with a bayonet. Deaf Smith dashes up and dismounts-

DEAF SMITH
Take mine, General!

HOUSTON
Is the bridge out?

DEAF SMITH
We burnt it! We got em trapped against the water!

COMMAND TENT - SANTA ANNA

Santa Anna, half-dressed, strides out of his plush, carpeted tent, astonished to see men streaming past on horse and foot-

SANTA ANNA (Spanish)
What is this? Hold your ground!

But even his ADJUTANTS and PERSONAL STAFF are beating a hasty retreat. Santa Anna flags down a RUNAWAY HORSE and throws himself up on it, galloping away-

EDGE OF LAKE - MELEE - VARIOUS SHOTS

The Texians have backed the panicked Mexicans up to the swampy little LAKE behind them, many sloshing in and trying to swim away.

Those who turn and raise their arms in surrender plead '*Mi no Alamo, mi no La Bahía!*' The Texians coldly shoot them all down. Others hack and mutilate the bodies of the already slain, a few taking scalps-

A pistol-wielding Texian drags a terrified DRUMMER BOY out from the water by the ankle, the boy SCREAMING-

DRUMMER BOY
¡Ave María Purissima, salva mi vida!

BLAM! The Texian calmly shoots him in the temple-

SEGUÍN, TEJANOS

Seguín and his TEJANOS, mixed in with dozens of TEXIANS, surround a group of more than a hundred MEXICANS, rapidly DISARMING them-

SEGUÍN (Spanish)
Throw down your guns! Quick!

COS, TEXIANS

The pair of 'deserters' shove General Cos in front of them, his hands clasped behind his head-

U.S. SOLDIER
I say we skin him.

2ND U.S. SOLDIER
As long as I git the ears- move along there, greaser!

MARSH

Matt is slogging through a stretch of marsh full of tall *CARRIZO* (river cane), face blackened, eyes dazed, in a kind of automatic-pilot mode. He is carrying the musket with bayonet. He slows, listens- a CRACKLING to one side. He steps cautiously- Jesús steps right in front of him, both of them startled! Matt jabs the bayonet hard into Jesús's thigh just as BLAM! Jesús FIRES his musket point-blank into Matt's shoulder! They both fall backwards into the muck-

BATTLEFIELD - HIGH ANGLE

We FLOAT over the battlefield, BODIES of dead Mexican soldiers scattered everywhere, Texians checking them for signs of life and hunting for souvenirs-

MATT (V.O.)
We only had six killed to more'n five hundred of theirs. We rounded up most of the ones that run off.

HOUSTON, MEN

A few Texians including George Hockley help the wounded Houston off his third horse of the day, the General surveying the grisly battlefield-

MATT (V.O.)
General Houston said we whupped em good, but if we didn't catch Santa Anna it was all for nothin-

TEXIAN CAMP

Santa Anna, head down, wearing raggedy CIVILIAN CLOTHES, is pushed by a grizzled old TEXIAN toward a sitting group of despondent MEXICAN PRISONERS-

MATT (V.O.)
And if his own sojers hadn't been trained so well he might've slipped past us.

A wounded PRIVATE recognizes his commander and jumps to his feet, saluting-

PRIVATE
Mi General!

Others immediately follow example, shouting out-

PRISONERS (Spanish)
Our General has been spared! *Viva Santa Anna!*

Santa Anna closes his eyes in despair as the Texian grabs him by the neck-

COMMAND TENT

Houston, his wounded ankle propped up, chews on a small black BALL of OPIUM as Colonel Almonte translates for the terrified Santa Anna. Santa Anna is trembling, half the camp ringed around with murder in their eyes-

MATT (V.O.)
The fellas was for stringin him up, but General Sam whadn't about to lose the upper hand-

HOUSTON
At such time as the other officers under your command have marched their people below the Río Grande, we shall consider continuing negotiations with the government of-

ALMONTE
Excuse me, General Houston-

Santa Anna is whispering to Almonte, who nods, then points to Houston's medication-

ALMONTE
He wonders if you might share a bit of your opium. For the nerves?

MATT (V.O.)
It was all over but the speeches.

129 EXT. SWAMP - EVENING 129

We hear FROGS chirping as the SUN SETS over the carrizo-

Matt and Jesús lie where we last saw them, breathing with some difficulty, too hurt to move. They are both sitting up against the cane, looking at each other with slightly glazed eyes. Matt finally speaks, softly-

MATT (Spanish)
Where you come from, friend?

Jesús looks around weakly-

JESÚS (Spanish)
From here. I'm a Texan.

Matt nods slowly-

MATT
Yeah. Me too.

FADE TO BLACK - CREDITS

This is what they were fighting for

Thanks for thinking of me

help w.H the reading of "The Alamo"

The logistics of trying to W.C.

It just didn't work out for me to be in L.A. that week. Please thank ... for me again ... the

from

The logistics of me being in L.A. this Monday just didn't work out, but please

don't hesitate to call ... send

the lectures. I look ... read ... script

Hispanic & Afro ... this play

surrival cultures ... common roots ...

The historically ... of the Hispanic ... we

from ... expect ... to do

It is a richly textured piece I wish you

great success with the ... project.

The ... should

Dinah

Common ancestry

Thus work prescribing the ... when ... Texas ... have been ... should